WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
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The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

Volume 232 — *October 1931* — Number 4

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Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow

WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* DAVID M. FIGART, *Secretary*
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The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Seasonal Improvement

It is almost too trite to remark that results are achieved by work. England's experiment in subsidizing idleness may be used as an object lesson. The American's congenital ability to get out and hustle has enabled him to hurdle or eradicate obstacles ranging from the buffalo to the bonus. Paradoxically, he has erected a holiday commemorating the pleasure of getting back to work after the summer vacation — Labor Day. He tackles his job with renewed gusto after this event is over. At the same time, the business man's wife, having returned to the city, starts buying her winter clothes and overhauling her apartment with corresponding vigor. As a result, a certain amount of seasonal improvement in business is always expected after Labor Day.

There is no reason to believe that this year will prove an exception to the rule. *The Annalist* Index of Business Activity, which may be used as a yardstick, is almost sure to continue the uptrend which followed the August low for some time longer. All this is well known by the powers who govern the security markets and has been taken into account in their calculations. The question which is open to conjecture is whether the little boom will have enough momentum to carry the Index of Business Activity back to, say, the levels of September, 1930, or whether, following the pattern of last year, it will end virtually before it has begun, continuing the downtrend into new low territory. If the former should occur, the trend would be reversed and we should be justified in believing that the worst of the depression was over. Unfortunately, attempting to foresee what business in general or even any particular business is going to do during a period as short as the next few weeks presents difficulties virtually insurmountable. The best that can be done is to consider the various component parts separately, drawing what conclusions we can as we go along.

Psychological Factor

I believe that the psychology of the business community is more constructive than it was at this time last year. Then a great many people were just beginning to realize that we were actually in a depression. Every new bit of bad news caused the gloom to grow deeper, and the stock market to go lower. Fearing for the future, people postponed buying whatever could possibly wait. Dealers and wholesalers made as few commitments as possible.

The situation is by no means reversed, but there is a certain amount of buying which can only wait so long. It is also a known fact that people become tired of economizing. Whether large numbers have done so yet is entirely a matter of conjecture, but there are some indications, such as the consumption of cotton goods and the apparent ability of the couturiers to put over a new fashion in women's hats, that this is the case.

Furthermore, a great deal of bad news is behind us. That there is plenty ahead I do not deny, but we are more immune to it than we were last year. A great many people have been studying statistics of the depression of 1921 in which they find a close analogy to this depression, which, if carried out, would indicate improvement this fall. The very fact that they expect this to happen will help it to happen.

Electric Power Production

Standard Statistics' chart of electric power production, corrected for seasonal variations, indicates that the trend of electric consumption which was downward from the middle of 1929 until February, 1931, turned then and has been upward ever since. There

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are of course wide monthly and even weekly fluctuations, but the trend seems clearly upward, a complete reversal of the situation last year. I stated my reasons last month for believing that the utility business will lead the way out of the depression. It really appears that this has begun to happen already. Certainly this is one respect in which the situation is better than it was last year.

I am trying to prepare a list of electric devices the increased use of which is reflected in the upward trend of electric consumption. I should appreciate receiving from any reader of this column additions to the following list:

Ice boxes
air conditioning systems
electric stoves
electric clocks
elevators
toasters
orange squeezers
soda fountain appliances
accounting machines
radios
television receivers and transmitters
water coolers for offices and factories
automatic train control systems
automatic quotation boards for brokerage offices
electric radiators for heating houses
flatirons
curling irons
electric signs
switches for oil burners
telephones
electrified railroads
machines and tools for factories
coffee pots

New Construction

In contrast to the situation in the electric industry, the trend of new construction contracts is, disappointingly, still downward. The total of new construction initiated this year is clearly going to be considerably less than was the case last year. In this respect the situation is quite different — a great deal worse — from that of 1921, and all calculations based on analogy may just as well be thrown overboard, at once. The conditions which have in the past invariably produced a building boom — cheap materials, cheap labor, and cheap credit — are, at last, all at hand, but so far results are lacking. Again I state my opinion that the efforts of the Government to peg wages at unnatural levels have been as disastrous as the efforts of the Government (I make the distinction because

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the Administration is not to blame for the existence of the Farm Board) to support the price of wheat. If wages in the building trades had been deflated six months ago as they have been in the last two, I am convinced that a building boom would have started by now, just as it did under similar conditions in 1921, followed by general business recovery.

Wheat

WEIGHING the probable effect of the approaching harvest on business psychology, I am inclined to think that the picture is not as bearish as it is commonly supposed. Not very much bad news is threatening the farmer this autumn — it has overtaken him already, and any change is likely to be a change for the better. With the Government wheat overhanging the market it is out of the question to expect any great advance in prices during the near term, but as the Farm Board's attempt to maintain an artificial price structure seems to have been permanently abandoned, nature is free to take its own course. Given half a chance it will always cure its own ills. As Standard Statistics describes the situation, with accumulating evidence that the world's production will be somewhat smaller during the coming crop year, a firm undertone has developed in the market, and prices have recovered from their recent lows. Production estimates of the northern hemisphere crop, exclusive of Russia and China, for the 1931–32 season indicate a decline of at least 100 million bushels, while an average yield from acreage sown in the southern hemisphere would result in an additional 100 million bushels reduction. The yield of the spring crop is indicated at only 118 million bushels, the lowest aggregate on record. The poor condition of Canada's spring crop, combined with substantial acreage curtailment in Australia and Argentina, and the possibility of a smaller supply available for Soviet exports, indicates a larger outlet for our tremendous exportable surplus during the coming year.

Unemployment

THE problem of unemployment is primarily a problem of starvation. We are not worried because people may be unable to go to the movies as often as they like, but because people may starve. Yet it seems a little ridiculous to discuss in one breath the fact that the Government has on its hands a huge supply of wheat which it can not get rid of, and in the next breath the fact that many of the people are going to starve to death this winter. To the sophomore the solution appears simple — bring the two together, give the starving people the surplus wheat and both problems will be solved.

The suggestion would really sound plausible if we did not have before our noses the example of England which just tried something so very similar that worked out so very badly. It has been said before that the human being is a peculiar animal. Because of his complex mentality, complicated machinery has to be set up in order to accomplish simple ends. Philanthropists have noted that it is as difficult to give away money successfully as it was in their early days to make it. If some sufficiently complicated method could be devised, the surplus wheat and the starving people might be brought together to the great benefit of both and without the disastrous effects of the too simple dole.

Beer

IT HAS been suggested that just such a solution could be found in the legalization of beer. If instead of giving the people wheat, to their own detriment as well as that of the taxpayers, beer were legalized, both the surplus people and the surplus wheat would immediately be employed in the manufacture of beer, and the people, with their earned salaries could buy bread — as well as beer.

There is a much stronger feeling for some such move than many are willing to admit. The Administration and the Republican party are committed to Prohibition, so that nothing should be expected along these lines this winter, but an honest Wet would gain many votes from the regular Republican ranks in the forthcoming Presidential election.

Cotton

UNLIKE the situation in wheat, the outlook for cotton appears completely

(*Continued on page XIX*)

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By Way of Introduction

J. William Terry (*Disarmament or Disaster*) is managing editor of the *League of Nations Chronicle*, published in Chicago. He makes frequent trips to Geneva where he is an eye witness of the events that take place there.

Harry Elmer Barnes (*Throwing Dust*) is an educator, lecturer and author of many books and articles on historical and sociological topics. He writes a column for the Scripps-Howard papers and he has written before for The North American Review.

Sara Haardt (*Southern Town*) is, of course, Mrs. H. L. Mencken. A native of Alabama, she has lived for some time in Baltimore. She graduated from Goucher College and did further study there. Her first novel, *The Making of a Lady*, was published this year.

Chester T. Crowell (*Judicious Liberty*), who contributes articles to current periodicals, was formerly news editor of *The Mexican Herald*.

S. McClatchie (*Industrialism Near Journey's End*), after graduating from Harvard, studied at Leipzig University. He has lived most of the past decade in Europe, occupied with the development of inventions and making a close study of European social and political problems. Articles by him have appeared frequently in leading German, French and English technological publications.

Frances Drewry McMullen (*Belles at the Bargain Counters*), originally from Virginia, now a New Yorker, has first-hand knowledge of the Northward migration of Southern girls. Educated at Randolph-Macon College, Columbia University School of Journalism and the University of London, she since has been a reporter on the Baltimore *Sun* and a member of the Sunday staff of the New York *Times*. She now does free lance newspaper and magazine writing.

Henry A. Shinn (*The Bar and the Bank*) is a graduate of the Stanford University Law School and a member of the California Bar. Formerly attorney with the Bank of Italy, he is now professor of law at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

Ralph Aiken (*Immorality and the Future for Farmers*), who wrote "A Laborer's Leisure" for the September issue, is a special-article writer, and a frequent contributor to this magazine.

R. L. Duffus (*How Pay the Doctor?*) graduated from Leland Stanford in 1910. After a period of newspaper work on the San Francisco *Bulletin* under Fremont Older, he became an editorial writer on the New York *Globe*, and for some years has been a staff writer on the New York *Times*. He has published three novels and four other works, among them *The American Renaissance*. He also contributes articles to magazines.

Arthur Dewing (*The Mistake about Hemingway*), who has written before for The North American Review, is an instructor of English at Dartmouth College.

Stella Baldwin (*Permutation in Suburbia*), for many years active in the Parental Education and Child Health movement, has written a number of articles for popular magazines, and has broadcast over various radio stations.

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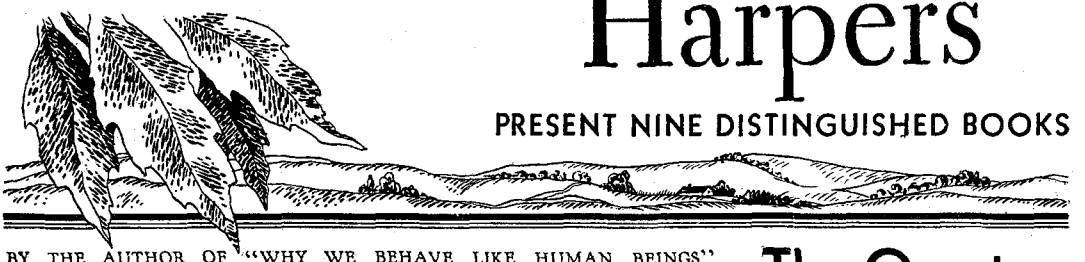

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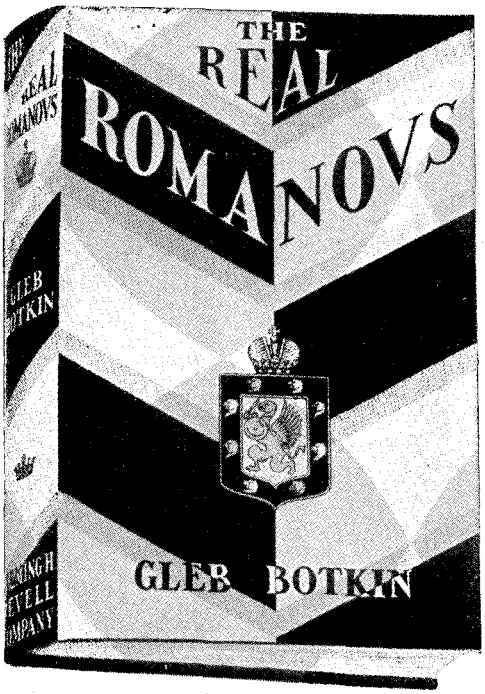

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The North American Review

VOLUME 232 OCTOBER, 1931 NUMBER 4

Apéritif

Who Could?

MAGICIANS, turning civic-hearted, denounce wealthy fortune tellers. Angelo Faticoni, the human cork, has died without revealing to puzzled medicine how he slept in water, floated with a twenty-pound cannon ball tied to his legs or swam the Hudson River on a chair weighted with lead. Two months ago there was an account here of German scientists looking for horoscope twins, hoping their discovery would, by contrary evidence, forever blast the claims of astrologers: particularly, that horoscope twins, despite their unrelation by blood, should be alike in all ways, even to living similar lives. Now comes Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill with the statement which is appended. In consideration of the subject's complexity, controversial nature and the bitter danger of commenting upon it, I say no more.

"There may be a certain technique about fetching together horoscopic twins; and, on the other hand, it might be something else. At the moment I was rather breathlessly pinching myself to see if I had avoided being dead again. Since I was born an arrant coward, it has been depressingly necessary to be forever proving to people that I'm not and this twin was not more than an item in a company that assembled casually to observe my conversion into an integument. And, as I say, at the moment I was preoccupied with the matter of being yet alive.

"And there was this person, happening to wear a blue suit just like my own, a polka-dot tie just like my own, and otherwise seeming to be myself. Mostly the assembled casual witnesses were staring at me, and I was looking at Captain Larsen and wondering if, after all, there was, or had been, a soul contained in me, and this was it standing there grinning quizzically at me. People stopped staring at me and stared at him some, and then they stared at both of us.

"And then I said: 'Who — or what — the hell are you?' And he said he was Captain Larsen. I asked him how he got that way and he said he was born that way. People gaped and I asked him where and he said it happened to him in Copenhagen. He

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didn't like my manner or something, and no more did I like his manner. And I asked him when it had happened to him.

"Then he enumerated the minute, the hour, the day and the year of the event, and, when I had had time to compute a little, it appeared that he had been born in Denmark at precisely the same moment I was being born in North Carolina. All the while the company which had gathered to see me disembodied stood and gaped. But my twin, horological and corporeal, grinned, and I grinned, being assured that he was a twin and not a ghost. He said, then, that we might proceed some distance across the town — which was Wilmington, North Carolina — and in the cabin of the ship which he partly owned and wholly commanded, we might do what should be customary in such matters.

"Arrived at the dock where his ship was discharging unspeakable fertilizers into a warehouse, he was detained on the pier for a moment and I dropped down to the deck ahead of him. Two persons came forward obsequiously and gibbered in some strange tongue. I looked at them in bewilderment. Captain Larsen and I repaired to the cabin and did what should be done in such cases. The rum was from West India.

"We didn't discuss Coolidge or deplore Prohibition. I don't recall the preliminaries. Before the War I had worked in that town, eating at the house of a widow who was blessed with a daughter who conformed generally to my then current notions of what a young lady should be. However, she was swept off her feet by a young fellow who preceded me a little into the Army. He went to France and sanctified some of its earth with his bleedings. His posthumous medals preceded me home from the wars, and his widow was not at all unfriendly to me, but I went elsewhere.

"Later she married Captain Larsen, though I didn't know it until she came down and didn't know which was her husband and which her might-have-been husband. He invited me to the West Indies for a cruise with him. I did not go."

Americanum

ONE day seventeen years ago Mr. Albert D. Purvis was working in a field on his farm, sowing, ploughing or doing something else — the account, unfortunately, is not explicit. At any rate, it was an ordinary day in Waller, Texas, and the Lord sent Mr. Purvis His command.

As in most of the inspiration chronicles, Mr. Purvis had not previously been religious; the difference was in the specific form of the command — no laboring in the accepted vineyard of the Lord, as His minister. Not at all. Seventeen years ahead of our hectic world the Lord had gone economic. He ordered Mr. Purvis to open up a general store. Further than that, He had a Plan for it — and not a Five Year, Ten Year or Twenty Year Plan — a *Divine* Plan.

Today Mr. Purvis operates one of the largest general stores in his section of Texas, still on the Divine Plan. Inside it, besides the merchandise, are two signs, one a big blackboard with all prices plainly marked on it, the other containing a

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message that those prices are the actual cost of the articles named, and that nothing is added as profit to the store. This last is maintained solely by free will offerings from customers, at their own discretion, as is also the barber shop connected with it, the cost here being estimated on the basis of time spent in achieving hair cuts, shaves and other amenities.

There is a temptation, of course, to consider all this in the light of a panacea. Everybody is suggesting odd ideas to cure the world's ills; Mr. Purvis' idea *works*, quite evidently. Its main feature is casting all economic principles overboard, where, for all I know, they belong, and depending purely on human nature to secure his livelihood. Many others do this, I admit, but their dependence on human nature is aggressive, intense; ask the man who owns a gold brick. Mr. Purvis' is passive — just unadulterated depending.

I have tried to visualize his scheme worked out on a broader basis, taking, for example, the New York Stock Exchange as the scene. It may differ from the actuality in some points, but that can be laid to the influence of benign Wisdom. Two members approach each other in friendly fashion. Mr. Doe says: "Richard, I hear you have a hundred thousand shares of XYZ common. Will you sell?" Mr. Roe answers: "Surely, John. They'll be in your office tomorrow." And turns away.

"Not so fast there, Richard," Mr. Doe stops him. "Here's my free will offering. You have to live, you know." And hands over title to a slightly used Rolls Royce, which Mr. Roe accepts with gratitude.

The curious thing that I noticed about this was that nowhere was there any mention of price. And on further visual investigation, I found definitely that not one cent of money changed hands.

W. A. D.

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Disarmament or Disaster

By J. William Terry

Next February, if there are no slip-ups, delegations from between fifty and sixty countries will descend on the little city on the shores of Lake Leman, which was once the domain of John Calvin and is now the seat of the League of Nations.

It will be the largest international conference ever held, which should have its appeal to Americans in their respect for quantity. But what is much more, unquestionably it will be the most important international conference since the peace was made in Paris in 1919. In no sense is it a rhetorical exaggeration to say that on its outcome will rest the immediate destiny of the world.

A decision actually to reduce the world's armaments would remove some of the most dangerous factors in an international situation which now threatens to end in titanic disaster. Putting a programme of reduction into effect would take the thoughts of governments and peoples from the gruesome spectre of war which has been over Europe for the last eighteen months, and would set them on activities lying in the direction of peace. For nations do not disarm and make ready for war at the same time. It is, therefore, not too much to say that if the Disarmament Conference really succeeds it will serve dramatically to check Europe in its steady advance toward war and turn it, mind and heart, to the business of making and keeping peace.

But it does not require the extra touches of an alarmist's pessimism to make a dark picture of the almost certain consequences should the Conference fail. All that is necessary is to look frankly at a few high probabilities that are recognized — in private if not always in public utterances — by most of those who are intelligently familiar with conditions in Europe.

The most direct and spectacular consequence of the failure of the Conference would probably be Germany's repudiation of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles and the reëstablishment of her armed forces. Should any of the former Allied Powers attempt to stop this by direct action, they would, in all likelihood, be defied by Germany, and war thus be precipitated. If the League of Nations were used in an attempt to keep Germany disarmed, she would undoubtedly withdraw from the League and go on her way rebuilding her armaments.

With Germany re-arming, France would certainly start rapidly to in-

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crease her already formidable armed forces. This would result in Italy's plunging headlong into the game; all of which would set Great Britain at an intensified building programme. At a definite move toward the rebuilding of the German navy, France and Italy would throw into the discard any agreement on naval limitation which they may have reached. Great Britain, who insists that her navy be as large as any other two navies, would repudiate the London Agreement, or at least resort to its escalator clause in order to build above the London figures. The United States would come in for a heavy increase in naval forces, since she insists on parity with Great Britain. This, to say nothing of what Russia, who now has what is probably the largest army in the world but has declared her willingness to disarm completely, would do. Even should Germany remain docile — and there is small reason for believing she would — armaments are now at such a high level that their continued increase, accelerated by such rivalries as the Franco-Italian, would spell calamity. In short, if the Disarmament Conference fails, there will be such an armaments race as the world has not yet seen.

To what frightful magnitude of armaments such a race would lead can only be comprehended when it is remembered that today there are, if account is not taken of the forces the former Central Powers were compelled to surrender by the Treaty of Versailles, virtually as many soldiers in the world as there were in 1913. Not counting the ships Germany had to dispose of at the close of the war, there has, in relation to that of 1913, only been a reduction of ten per cent in the world's naval tonnage. Therefore, a new armaments race would start at practically the same level where the race which ended in the catastrophe of 1914 reached its climax. The carnage of 1934 or 1935 would, consequently, be that much more terrible than that of 1914–18. One need not have been born with a caul to foresee that, with the Conference a failure and a new armaments race under way, the scattering war clouds that are now visible would mass themselves into a great blackness and there would come a mighty whirlwind.

Moreover, the failure of the Conference would mean impotency, if not death, for the League of Nations, so that it could contribute nothing toward forestalling disaster. Disarmament is a foundation-stone of the League system. For a decade, the League has been exerting incessant efforts in preparation for a world conference with the purpose of translating into practice the cardinal principle stated in Article 8 of the League Covenant. The League has operated so far on the expectation of the success of this Conference; so that its failure would impair beyond redemption the League's prestige and efficacy. With the decline of the League would come fast waning authority for the World Court and the Kellogg Pact. This while an unprecedented armaments race was maturing. The jubilation of Mars would rock the earth.

And whether the Disarmament Conference succeeds or fails is a matter of immediate concern to the United States. Although not a member of the League of Nations, our

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Government has so far recognized its stake in the disarmament movement as to be fully represented on the Preparatory Commission for the Conference, and will be represented at the Conference. In view of what happened in 1917 and of the complex interrelations of the modern world, it is a senseless optimism which has the temerity to believe that this country could escape being drawn into another major European holocaust. An armaments race resulting in war for Europe will bring war to the United States.

WHEN the representatives of the Allied and Associate Powers wrote into the so-called treaties of peace that the armaments of the Central Powers must be reduced to what amounted to the level of police necessities, they declared that Germany and her allies were being compelled to disarm so that the rest of the world could follow suit. Two specific promises to that effect were made by the victorious nations, and were incorporated in the Preamble of Part V of the Treaty of Versailles and Article VIII of the League Covenant.

The United States was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles and did not join the League of Nations. It did, however, sign and ratify the bilateral Treaty of Berlin containing a clause word for word the same as Part V of the Versailles Treaty.

It is true that all these declarations are rather ambiguously worded when it comes to signifying how far armaments should be reduced and when this reduction should take place; the implications, nevertheless, are sufficiently clear. How much deliberate intent there has been on the part of heavily armed countries to evade the obligations to curtail their armaments is open to question. There is doubtless much blame due somewhere for the delay of a decade, but there are also extenuating factors. For one thing, a disarmament technique had to be devised.

At the first session of the League of Nations Council, in May, 1920, there was appointed a Permanent Advisory Commission on Disarmament, composed of army, navy and air men. "It was," writes Salvador de Madariaga, first chief of the Disarmament Section of the League, "as foolish to expect a disarmament convention from such a commission as a declaration of atheism from a commission of clergymen." This fact was demonstrated within six months. The League Assembly then stepped in and recommended that civilians be asked to take a hand. Consequently, a second body was authorized, called the Temporary Mixed Commission. As its name implied, it was an experiment in mixing military men and civilians on the same body. Whatever its shortcomings, the Mixed Commission did have enough potency to discover that there was an elusive Ethiopian. It has been the search for him that has complicated the drama — or farce, as some prefer to call it — and unduly prolonged its action. Failure to find him may be responsible for a tragic instead of a happy ending. For ten years, pivotal European governments have been saying: "Find us security and we will start beating our swords into plowshares."

The League of Nations was in its infancy and an untried quantity; its

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Covenant tacitly admitted the right of war under certain circumstances. The World Court was in the process of organization. Outlawry of war, as accomplished in the Kellogg Pact, was then only an idea in the mind of a Jewish lawyer in Chicago. Under these conditions, the Mixed Commission realized, the immediate accomplishment of anything toward actual disarmament was at best a Utopian hope. Therefore, it set out in search of a security formula which would prove adequate to the national demands. Out of this search was born the doctrine of arbitration-security-disarmament. The last objective, it was believed, could be attained by providing for the first two. Altogether, a vast amount of effort, a considerable part of it unquestionably sincere, was made to devise and put into effect adequate schemes for arbitration and security.

After two schemes had failed of acceptance, a series of pacts was negotiated at the little town of Locarno which, whatever happens, will remain among the foremost treaties of history. "Never again will we war with each other," the pacifistic Aristide Briand cried jubilantly after the signing of the accords. By them England, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Poland pledged themselves to arbitrate all disputes which might arise between them, and come to each other's aid in event of attack. But the security guarantees did not include Germany's eastern frontier or the French position in the Mediterranean. This should be kept in mind.

The suggestion that other groups of nations duplicate Locarno got nowhere. However, some 138 bilateral pacific settlement pacts — providing methods for conciliation, arbitration or judicial settlement — have been registered by various governments with the League Secretariat at Geneva. In addition, fourteen countries, including France and Great Britain, have accepted the League's General Act, specifying pacific methods by which signatory nations are obligated to seek settlement of all disputes. Thirty-four countries, including the major League powers, have ratified the "optional clause" of the World Court Statute, by which they agree that the Court shall have jurisdiction in all disputes between them of a legal nature.

But the considerable body of arbitration and security agreements which have been adopted can not be credited with having been responsible for the reduction of armaments by one soldier or a single gun. The security thesis appears and, as such, is sound. It is the question of interpretation which has caused the difficulties. In what has a country the right to demand that it be made secure? Is it in freedom from armed attack? Or is it, in addition, security against all challenge, armed and otherwise, of territorial *status quo?* No one will deny that a nation is justified in taking the position that it will not consider reducing its armaments until it has reasonable assurance that it is otherwise protected against invasion. Is it, however, justified in saying that the *status quo* of all its frontiers and those of its possessions and other frontiers in which it claims an interest must be guaranteed as an essential of security?

The foremost difficulties in solving

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the security problem in relation to disarmament have arisen from the insistence on the latter interpretation by certain European countries — notably France. The French hold that they can have no sense of security while there are possibilities of Germany or Italy challenging the War settlement treaties. For reasons that are well understood, the French believe that the maintenance of the Polish Corridor is essential to the prestige and future well-being of France; and naturally they want to hold their advantageous position in North Africa. The Germans are irreconcilable in their claims for the return of the Corridor and the Italians are dissatisfied with the distribution of North African territory. Consequently, France has held that she could not consider any treaty schemes as adequate for her security that fail to recognize as permanent the frontiers fixed by the war settlements. The Geneva Protocol — one of the security schemes that failed of acceptance — virtually guaranteed the post-War *status quo*. This was one of the reasons for its rejection by Great Britain. The failure of the Locarno treaties to include Germany's eastern frontier or touch the Mediterranean accounts for its not being considered sufficient by France.

But to return to the disarmament project itself. Impatient at the slow progress of its own efforts at dealing with the security problem, the League of Nations, in 1926, declared its intention of going ahead with the Disarmament Conference. The Temporary Mixed Commission having justified the first word of its title and become defunct, the League set up the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference. For four years, this body, which embraced in its membership delegations from thirty-two nations, including the United States and Soviet Russia, convened sessions which the world was led to expect would make possible the calling of the world Conference, and adjourned them after having accomplished little or nothing. The obtruction again was the security impasse.

The Germans claimed that, with their armaments reduced to a minimum, they and those associated with them in the War were the least secure countries in the world. As security, they demanded that the disarmament obligations of the peace treaties and the League Covenant be construed as meaning that the rest of the world must reduce armaments to the German level, and that steps toward this end be taken immediately. The French not only refused to consent to this interpretation but manœuvered for the most inexacting procedure possible for armament limitation and reduction. This split the Commission into what amounted to left and right wing parties on the whole disarmament project. With Germany, there was Russia, whose delegation had come to Geneva to sit on the Commission for the first time in 1927 bringing a proposal for absolute world disarmament within four years. During the later Commission sessions, the Italians, who were making strenuous attempts to put on France the onus of being militaristically aggressive, joined forces with the Germans in many of the more radical demands. France, having formed friendships that border on alliances with a number of strategi-

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cally located smaller States, had them as her followers on the right wing. These include Poland, Czechoslovakia and, to an extent, Belgium. The Japanese, although not satellites of the French, consistently voted with the right wing. At the earlier sessions, the British stood well to the left — at least on matters having to do with land armaments. During the last session, however, they surrendered to the right wing on at least two important points and in general took a center position. This was done with the obvious purpose of espousing that which it would be possible to get, in order to break the impasse into which the Commission had worked itself. Although it made several valuable contributions, the American delegation kept for the most part on the sidelines.

As the Commission was concerned only with drawing up a skeleton treaty and not with limitation or reduction figures, the points of contention between the left and right wings had to do with such matters as whether provision should be made for the limitation of trained reserves and whether land war material should be limited directly by classes or indirectly through budgets. The right wing delegations paid lip service to disarmament while working to skeletonize a treaty which would be incapable of being made an instrument of thoroughgoing reduction. The left wing delegations employed the time-honored strategy of asking unreasonably much in the hope of getting enough.

From the time Mussolini did his sabre rattling at Leghorn and Florence in the spring of 1930, war clouds have hung over Europe. It was then that Germany began to hint that if things were to continue as they were going she would take the position that the former Allied and Associate Powers had broken the disarmament agreement of the Treaty of Versailles and would, therefore, begin an unrestricted reëstablishment of her armaments.

It became an immediate question of Europe plunging into a series of unrestricted armament races and on toward war or else actually doing something about disarmament. Arthur Henderson, speaking for the British Labor Government, turned the balance toward disarmament. "My country," he said, "will have nothing more to do with security schemes until a disarmament treaty has been adopted." Even were they to move toward war, the right wing nations needed British support, and the chief purpose of France in holding off on disarmament was to get Great Britain to go farther on security. Thus, threatened with the rearming of Germany and the refusal of British support for desired security alliances, the right wing countries were compelled to capitulate to the extent of consenting to the completion of the skeleton treaty and the calling of the Disarmament Conference.

WHAT must the Conference do to succeed?

Prime essentials of national security are considered as demanding that this limitation and reduction of armaments be universal, uniform and gradual. It must be universal because one heavily armed national remains a potential menace which it is believed must be guarded against

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by armed forces of other nations. It must be uniform because nations now holding dominant positions in the precariously balanced international scheme are unwilling to imperil their advantages. It must be gradual because no country has any considerable confidence that the pacific settlement principle will work; and no nation is willing to wreck all its armaments until the new peace structure has been more thoroughly tested. To proceed under these restrictions will, of course, leave the countries that are now disarmed at a disadvantage. But they should not, and probably do not, expect to have the consequences of their War defeat wiped out in one stroke.

What the Conference can do is to go about the specific and straightforward reduction and limitation of all armaments. This can be done so as to meet the requirements of universality, uniformity and gradualness. In its most simple terms, it would mean the taking of each country's armaments where they were at the time of the Conference and subtracting from each class a certain per cent and setting the figure obtained by that subtraction as a maximum limit for that category; then requiring that the country reduce to that limit.

The percentages of reduction would have to be as nearly uniform as possible. That is if such a figure, for example, as twenty per cent were agreed upon, it would apply equally to France, Italy and Great Britain. Exceptions should, of course, be made for the countries whose armaments were reduced by the Treaty of Versailles. Possibly it would also be necessary to make exceptions on behalf of some of the smaller countries, whose armies are now hardly adequate for their defense. A sliding scale might be provided: to illustrate, a twenty per cent reduction for countries having over 300,000 men under arms; fifteen per cent for those having between 200,000 and 300,000; and ten per cent for those having under 200,000. These percentages are used only as illustrative and in no way as suggestive of what the figures should actually be.

Another, and possibly more feasible, method of reaching much the same results would be to set a limit on budgetary expenditures by the same percentage plan. The skeleton treaty now provides for limitation both by categories and by budget, except in the case of land war material, which is to be limited only by budget. It might be agreed, for instance, that the expenditures for the army and for the navy and for the air force of each country should be reduced by twenty-five per cent. Or one figure might be set for armies, another for navies and a third for air forces. A possible modification of this would be to provide for progressive reduction; say five per cent each year for five years. There would be no comparisons of one country's budgets with those of any other country; it would simply be that the United States, for illustration, would agree to a certain per cent of reduction under its 1931 armaments budgets; or, as has already been proposed, the reduction could be from an average year figure, arrived at by adding total expenditure for the past four years and dividing the total by four.

Exceptions could be made for

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countries generally recognized to have already reduced their armaments to a point as low as is "consistent with national safety." There would not be many such exceptions; a few smaller countries and possibly the United States in as far as her land forces are concerned.

THE paramount question is: Can this plan, or any modification of it that will achieve an efficacious reduction of armaments, be "put across" at the Conference? The international political situation being what it is, is it reasonable to hope for anything tangibly worth while? The answer is an unequivocal affirmative, *if the United States puts herself actively and unreservedly behind a reduction program.*

In general, the political line-up when the Conference convenes will be the same as it was at the last session of the Preparatory Commission. Germany, leading the countries of the left wing, will make what is intended to appear an irreducible demand for reduction to the level required of the Central Powers by the Treaty of Versailles. France and her satellites will attempt to inject the securities issue and will resort to various well-developed strategies to block any effective reduction. Russia and Italy will stay in the left wing camp, and Japan will play a lone hand to the right. This will leave Great Britain and the United States the only major powers holding non-partisan positions. Their weight thrown together in either direction should turn the scales that way. A division between them would deadlock the Conference. The indifference or inaction of one of them would leave the other with insufficient weight to force conclusive results.

Great Britain has an advantage in that her adherence is indispensable to the effectiveness of the security guarantees which the right wing countries desire above all else. The United States has an equal, if not a superior, advantage in being in no way involved in the securities squabble. Whatever move for reduction is taken by the Conference must be made without regard to any specific security understandings. France's efforts in that direction will prove as futile as they have previously. Her continuing hope, however, will make her extremely cautious about breaking with Great Britain on the armaments issue. But the United States will be able to drive for a reduction programme, unhampered by any entanglements with the security problem. She alone can demand effectively that the disarmament question be made to stand on its own feet. The United States and Great Britain have the two largest navies in the world. Their combined fleets could, no doubt, withstand all others. Therefore, what they do to increase or decrease their naval strength is of vast importance to the rest of the world. Thus it can be seen that what they both demand in the way of disarmament will, to say the least, be given most serious consideration — *providing they are willing to do their share of disarming.*

The British Labor Government indicated what it was willing to do. It not only desired a material reduction in land and air forces, but would participate in a reduction of sea forces below the level set by the London Treaty. There is reason for

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believing that the Conservatives would adhere to the same policy; though with less enthusiasm. Consequently, it is only the position of the United States which remains in doubt.

WHAT will be the position of the United States?

It is easier to say what it should be. What it will be is a matter of some doubt.

On the eve of the last session of the Preparatory Commission, I was one of a group of American newspaper men to interview Hugh Gibson, head of the American delegation, at his hotel in Geneva. "Mr. Gibson," asked a correspondent, "just what does your delegation plan to do at these meetings?" To which the official representative of the United States Government made unhesitating reply: "We expect to watch the proceedings; that is about all. This is primarily a European affair."

In spite of the fact that the whole world, including the United States was suffering a financial depression which has had no equal, and which was caused in no small degree by excessive armaments; in spite of the fact that there were hanging over Europe war clouds which threatened to rain unprecedented carnage on the earth if something were not done to check the continued increase in armaments, the Commission work for arms reduction was primarily a European affair! Our delegation would watch proceedings from the sidelines!

We have been accused of putting ourselves in front-page headlines all over the world as sponsor of the Kellogg Pact, the enunciation of a high moral principle, and then trying to "get out from under" by assuming the attitude that reducing the size of the world's fighting machinery is Europe's business. As defense, it is offered that our land forces are now comparable with those of Germany, and that already we have taken care of our naval disarmament through the London Treaty. Let us glance at the facts.

Together, the Washington and London Conferences accomplished what appears to be an effective limitation of the naval armaments of Great Britain, Japan and the United States. A dangerous incipient building race between the United States and Great Britain thus was checked. But if any real reduction of naval armaments was accomplished, it was so small as to be imperceptible to the layman.

The United States still has one of the world's two largest navies; and that without having a far-flung empire for it to defend. More, we have a navy which costs us in excess of one million dollars every day of the year. These two plain and indisputable facts should be enough to prove that naval armaments must be ruled out of consideration before it can reasonably be contended that European countries have all the heavy armaments.

It is true that our land forces are not great in number. But adequate defense against external aggression does not require that their number be great. Continental United States has common frontiers with but two countries. Mexico, to the south, reports about 80,000 men under arms. Nothing need be said about their equipment or efficiency. Canada, on

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the north, has no professional army, but a militia force of 3,361. As defense against these combined forces, we have a professional army, thoroughly trained and equipped, of 129,759 men and officers. In the highly improbable event of a threat of other foreign armies using Mexican or Canadian soil to launch an attack against us, we would have ample time to bring into action our immense force of reserves.

Our army is organized as a skeleton, capable of quickly being filled out by enlistment or conscription. It has one commissioned officer for every eleven men, while the French army, for example, has only one commissioned officer for every nineteen men. Thus, our potential land strength is seen to be greater than appears when it is said we have a professional army of 129,759. In addition, we have 112,757 reserve officers and a National Guard force of 164,453 men and officers. Most of these could be inducted immediately into service to meet an emergency. Given a brief period for mobilization, we could have 406,969 men under arms and ready for battle; this without calling for volunteers or resorting to conscription.

But this does not begin to tell the story. If there be any who think we are disarmed on land, let them scan our military budget. Last year our land armaments cost us a total of $350,457,317. Figures could be quoted to show how much more we spend for land armaments than do certain European countries which we point to as "staggering under the excessive burden of their military establishments"; but it is recognized that, for obvious reasons, the comparison of the expenditures of one country with those of another is not altogether fair. What is fair, however, is to compare the expenditures for our army with those for our navy. Here there are the same standards — costs of labor and material and the rates of pay. Last year, we expended for our navy $375,291,828. It cost us somewhat over a million dollars a day, while our army cost us somewhat under that appalling amount. Our navy — one of the world's two largest — cost us only $24,834,511 a year more than our army. If, as some say, our military establishment is now reduced to a minimum, what would it cost us if we had a real land force?

Just before the London Conference, President Hoover declared that the United States was ready to reduce its armaments to as low a level as other countries would come down to, no matter how low that should be. We can insist that our delegation to Geneva in 1932 be instructed to make that its cardinal policy; a policy of fact as well as of words. And that, we can well afford to do. There seems to be small reason why our navy could not stand a five, or even a ten, per cent reduction each year for five years, if the same curtailment is made in all other major navies. If other countries have reduced their sea power twenty-five or fifty per cent by 1937, we would need only fifty or seventy-five per cent of our present tonnage to have the same degree of security we have today. So obvious a fact appears to have escaped those who contend that a material reduction can not be made with safety.

As has been said, it is unlikely that

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we will be expected to decrease the size of our professional army. And, according to the provisions of the skeleton disarmament treaty, there is to be no direct limitation of the trained reserves of any country. Consequently, we will not be asked to reduce our National Guard or the number of our reserve officers. But this does not mean we should not offer to make an appreciable cut in our tremendous expenditures for land armaments. The effect of this would probably be the curtailment of our overly large reserve organization and of our extensive and ever-increasing programme for military training in schools and colleges. It is high time this were done, irrespective of the Disarmament Conference, if we are to save this country from being completely militarized, in defiance of one of our most cherished traditions. And not until we stop our movement toward it are the European countries going to heed our urging that they move away from their excessive militarism.

For those who can not see the disarmament question in any aspect beyond that of immediate national self-interest, there is the healthy economy which would result from a material reduction in our naval and military budgets. Why should we talk about Europe's back being bowed by the financial weight of armaments when our armament bill is over seven hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year? If there should be a general twenty-five per cent reduction at the end of five years, we would save an amount not much short of what we have been receiving in payment of interest and principal on war debts. If the reduction were fifty per cent, it would be a saving of almost a million dollars a day.

The only real chance there will be for the Disarmament Conference to succeed will be if the American and British delegations take a straightforward stand, after the best Anglo-Saxon traditions, saying: "We will make an actual and worth while reduction in all classes of armaments, if the other governments will do the same. If they will not, let the responsibility for what follows be on their heads." The world must make its choice between disarmament or overwhelming disaster. Of course, it can not be said with certainty that even with the United States doing her utmost the Conference will succeed. But it can be said that, barring a miracle, nothing short of a forthright, fighting demand from our delegation for a worth while reduction in armaments, of which we freely offer to assume our share, will save the Conference from failure. And should it fail, we will hardly escape the devastation which may follow.

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Throwing Dust

By Harry Elmer Barnes

The editors of the North American Review have been kind enough to ask me to submit a few critical reflections on the article, *An Evangelical's Defense*, by Mr. Frank E. Gaebelein in the July issue. His spirited statement of the case for the orthodox believer is so urbane and courteous that I shall reply in the same vein. None of my remarks should be taken in a personal sense or regarded as uniquely critical of any denomination. I entertain for Mr. Gaebelein only the kindest sentiments, not even envying him that happiness and contentment which is denied to Messrs. Mencken, Darrow, Nathan, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis and myself.

But a reply should be a reply, and I shall spare no effort to examine in thorough and comprehensive fashion his argument. We shall first take up such general and basic matters as his method and intellectual attitude, and then devote ourselves to a point by point refutation of his position. However little some readers may agree with me, there will be no doubt in the minds of anybody that there has been a debate relevant to the subject announced.

Mr. Gaebelein starts off briskly in the spirit of an ultra-scientific investigator. He proclaims a touching affection for hard, even harsh, facts. He indicts all of us unbelievers as slaves of emotional impressions, fearful of the devastating effects of facts upon our dubious ruminations. On the other hand, the evangelical believer "bases his religious thinking essentially on facts. . . . He honestly tries to base his belief on solid fact. . . . In religion as in science, one must keep abreast of the times and prefer facts to opinions."

Mr. Gaebelein swings into action under the scientific and historical banner, appealing to what he regards as facts to rehabilitate the standing of the Bible, to vindicate Christianity and to discomfort the infidels. Yet, consciously or unconsciously, he seems to feel that he has made a pretty sorry mess of it with his facts. So towards the end he boldly and openly repudiates the appeal to facts and takes the good old neo-Platonic position of subordinating facts to revelation, intuition and ecstasy. Only the initiate into the Christian mysteries can be expected to know the truths of religion. Like Nicodemus, we must be born again if we are to assume to dabble in these problems of eternal verity. The truths of Christianity are a closed

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book to pitiable slaves to facts like Darrow and his cohorts. They are "natural men" and, according to Paul, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he can not know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Indeed, throughout his article Mr. Gaebelein relies chiefly upon the Pauline method. All of his underlying positions, such as the undeniably supernatural character of Christianity, are gratuitously assumed on the basis of legend and dogma. Then he tries to buttress such assumptions by resort to more or less substantial and relevant facts. Yet, I believe that Mr. Gaebelein is on firmer ground when he appeals to revelation than when he appeals to facts. One can not very well offer any quantitative refutation of his revelations and intuitions, except on the basis of logic and general probability. But it is not difficult to take him into camp very rapidly when he goes fact hunting. The only criticism here is that he is hardly consistent in charging the free-thinkers with succumbing to impressions and telling us quite specifically that he is going to stick resolutely to facts. He is far safer in relying exclusively on faith, and it would be better if he admitted it from the beginning.

We may now take up seriatim the main arguments utilized by Mr. Gaebelein in his effort to vindicate orthodox Christianity.

First, he attempts to mitigate the criticism of the Old Testament as a book of history, anthropology, cosmology and evolutionary biology by pointing out that the year 4004 is not mentioned in the Bible itself as the date of creation. It is only an estimate made by Ussher and Lightfoot.

None of the skeptics who have made humorous use of the 4004 reference have ever imagined that this date is recorded anywhere in the Book of Genesis. But the date was seriously compiled by an exacting Christian scholar, full of faith and reverence, on the basis of the best estimates which he could obtain from biblical information. This date is drawn from the Bible, even if it is not found in it. We well know that the computations vary by hundreds of years, but an estimate of 5004 B.C. as the date of creation would not help the orthodox a whit. With man himself on the planet for more than a million years and cosmic evolution stretching back over a period of time which literally transcends the human imagination, any date of creation which could be reconstructed from biblical chronology is obviously a product of the childhood of the race. I know from personal experience that the 4004 allusion is particularly annoying to quasi-enlightened evangelicals, but it is not at all unfair to them or to biblical chronology. Further, no valid protests which they may make can in any way reconcile the Bible and the new evolutionary time perspective.

Next, Mr. Gaebelein is distressed at the naïve views of the literal inspiration of the Bible attributed to faithful believers by liberals. He quotes as the *reductio ad absurdum* of this attitude the relevant passage from my *Twilight of Christianity*. Now no sensible person would ever imagine that Mr. Gaebelein himself believes that God spoke Baconian

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English directly into the ear of Moses. But it would be very difficult for him to show that this is not the view of the matter implicitly held by a vast majority of orthodox Christians in England and America. As an actual matter of fact, such persons will make their belief explicit on this point under questioning. Such was the case with the Tennessee legislator, Mr. Butler, who drafted the law under which Mr. Scopes was tried in 1925. He told Charles Francis Potter quite frankly that he thought God used the language of the King James version when dictating the Pentateuch to Moses. He saw nothing wrong with such a conviction. Here was a far more than averagely well informed member of Mr. Gaebelein's fold. Such notions have been found universal in extensive samplings of orthodox belief on this point which it has been my privilege to make in many parts of the United States. Of course, a man may belong to an evangelical sect without holding any such elementary view of the philological aspects of the biblical problem, but that in no way affects the fact that most of the orthodox look at the matter exactly as I stated it in the passage to which Mr. Gaebelein objects.

MR. GAEBELEIN then proceeds to give us his own version of the knotty and thorny problem of the inspiration of the Christian Bible by the divine hand. He holds that the inspiration of God was given to the original documents in the Bible, before they were edited or altered by human hands. He wisely refrains from attempting to offer any evidence as to just how or why this inspiration was given in the first instance. It is simply taken for granted that God *did* inspire the first versions. The ultimate test of the truth of this assumption must be whether or not the Bible appeals to the human reason, stored with Twentieth Century knowledge, as most resembling the work of God or the work of man.

But let us assume for the sake of argument that God did inspire the first edition of each of the biblical books. This raises a number of interesting questions for the evangelical Christian to ponder over. Just how could God inspire without dictating directly to His scribes in the manner repudiated by Mr. Gaebelein? If He "inspired" in any less obvious and certain fashion, is it not likely that in the original edition there would be a large admixture of the notions of the individual scribe along with the revelations and inspirations of God? Still further, and more important, granting direct, full, undeniable and unmixed divine inspiration in the original version, how much does this help in the case of the Bible as it exists today? Here we find much of the material repeatedly edited and reëdited by man; garbled, annotated and forged by man; indeed, many of the original inspired books totally lost, except for a mere reference to the name of the book in the extant canonical text of the Bible. Moreover, if God took the trouble to inspire all of this material it seems unlikely that He would have allowed mortal men later to manhandle His revelations in frightful fashion and to lose many of them outright.

Mr. Gaebelein next proceeds logi-

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cally to defend the historicity of the Bible, which he rightly holds to be *fundamental* to the substantiation of the Christian religion. Against the overwhelming accumulation of logical and factual evidence by scholars tending to establish the purely human and highly fallible nature of the Bible, Mr. Gaebelein submits a number of arguments and exhibits, all of which we shall examine.

In the first place, he calls attention to new excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, reputed homeland of Abraham. These, he says, prove that Ur was a great city and its inhabitants highly polished. Therefore, Lewis Browne is wrong in claiming that Abraham and his descendants represented a culture of primitive nomad sheiks.

Well, there is no definitive proof at all that Abraham came from Ur. The biblical reference to the fact can not be regarded as anything beyond legend, folklore or rumor. But suppose Abraham did hail from Ur, does that make him an urbane Sophist? We could hardly assume that every settler arriving in Iowa from New York City today would be a graduate of Columbia University and a member of the Century Club or the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Yet, culture was far more exclusive and aristocratic a matter in Ur than in Gotham. Even more cogent is the unquestionable fact that Abraham's behavior — and that of his descendants — as reported in the Old Testament records was the conduct of a nomad sheik. If he and his successors were sophisticated gentlemen, then the Old Testament story is obviously inaccurate and worthless. Mr. Gaebelein's argument for the cultivated urbanity of Abraham, if substantiated, would, thus, bring him out at exactly the opposite conclusion from that which he desires. It would prove the Old Testament most unreliable as history.

Mr. Gaebelein relies upon the same archæologist to vindicate the story of the Flood. He says that in one place Dr. Woolley found sediment eight feet deep, indicating a deluge of "unparalleled proportions."

Orientalists — historians and archæologists — have for years conceded the probability of great seasonal floods in the lower valley of the Tigris and Euphrates. Indeed, they believe that the inhabitants of this area at a very early date constructed a system of canals in part to divert this flood water. Unquestionably, some of these floods were worse than others. There may have been a great flood like that of the Mississippi in 1927 or of the Connecticut in the same year. What the critic of Old Testament lore objects to is not the possibility of a devastating local flood. He is profoundly skeptical before the actual biblical deluge story — the legend that forty days of rain covered the entire earth with a great wall of water, that Noah built an Ark and put in it a male and female of every extant member of the animal kingdom and insect world, that all living beings except Noah, his family and his zoölogical and entomological collection were drowned and extinguished, and that the existing races of mankind are descended from the sons of Noah. Eight feet of sediment at Ur in no way clears

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up or renders more credible this primitive fairy tale.

From the fact that archæology has revealed great towers in ancient Mesopotamia Mr. Gaebelein reasons that the story of the Tower of Babel may be true. What educated person during the last fifty years has ever doubted that there were great towers and hanging gardens in Babylon and Nineveh? Critics do not get distressed over the assertion that there may have been a big tower in ancient Mesopotamia. What they object to is the theory that a God great enough to stand behind the cosmos which we now know could have been jealous of puny man's architectural aspirations and have brought a particular building project to an ignominious end. Further, they oppose the basic facts of anthropology and philology to the biblical legend that the diverse languages of mankind may be traced back to the confusion of tongues at Babel. If God was distressed by the Tower of Babel, what can be His sentiments over the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings? Why has He refrained from striking dumb Walter Chrysler or Al Smith or from forcing them to babble henceforth in some uncouth and unheard of tongue?

Further, Mr. Gaebelein assures us that excavations in Palestine prove that the walls of Jericho fell. They most certainly did, or they would still be standing. But these excavations do not in any way prove that the walls fell as the result of any such primitive magical feat as that recorded in the Bible.

Mr. Gaebelein brings forth his ace relative to the rehabilitation of the Old Testament by assuring us that a single inconspicuous British archæologist has just vindicated through his excavations the authenticity of the Book of Daniel. Particularly it proves that there was a real Belshazzar. I have followed contemporary biblical criticism pretty carefully but I find no evidence that the scholars have modified their well established doctrine of the late date of the Book of Daniel which makes it quite impossible that the historical Daniel, if any, could have written it. Nor is any historically informed person deeply moved to find that Belshazzar may have lived. It has always been taken for granted on the basis of plenty of conventional evidence that he was an historic figure. Indeed, free-thinking historians like Breasted have even included his name in the school textbooks on ancient history. Moreover, in those days kings were wont to summon magicians, prophets, and other necromancers for advice and counsel. It is highly likely that Belshazzar may have summoned Daniel or some other adept in the occult. But all of this in no way helps in reëstablishing Daniel as the author of the book attributed to him, or demonstrates the authenticity of his prowess in hypnotizing lions, or validates the asbestos-like qualities of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Quite logically for an evangelical exponent, Mr. Gaebelein insists that the historicity of the New Testament is much more important than the accuracy of the Old. Of overwhelming consequence is the absolute historic validity of the New Testament account of Christ's existence,

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life, teachings, miracles, death and resurrection from the dead. Against the mountain of critical evidence gathered in the years between Reimarus and Loisy Mr. Gaebelein cites four items. In the Eighteenth Century a skeptic was converted to the orthodox view of the resurrection. In 1930 this happened again, and the author of the Twentieth Century book challenged his readers to tell who rolled away the stone from the tomb of Jesus and to explain the empty tomb. Sir William Ramsay says that Luke is a reliable historian, and the historicity of the Marcan narrative is "admitted."

As Mr. Gaebelein in this very section once more calls upon his readers to give heed only to "solid facts," he can not object if we bring forward a few of these facts relative to the New Testament and the Jesus question. In the first place, neither West in the Eighteenth nor Morison in the Twentieth Century have any reputation as careful scholars in the field of history or biblical criticism. Further, West could not have known any of the more relevant facts which have upset the orthodox view of the resurrection — whether psychological, biological or historical.

The plain fact is that it is quite impossible to cite conclusive historical evidence that Jesus ever lived at all. Personally, I believe that he did, but greater savants than either Mr. Gaebelein or myself have gone over all the available evidence with honesty and candor and have come to the conclusion that he was a mythical figure. Certainly, the case against his historicity can not be dismissed in the summary and cavalier fashion of Shirley Jackson Case in his otherwise excellent book on Jesus.

Let us grant freely that Jesus lived. What do we know about him that would measure up to the standards of accuracy which we would require for an account of George Washington? To avoid any suspicion let us repeat here the specific statement on this point by a very reputable and devout recent student of the Jesus problem, the late Robert Keable. He admitted that we do not have enough fully substantiated historical knowledge about Jesus to write a three-line obituary notice in the London *Times*. This is a fair appraisal of the actual facts, and the opponents of Jesus's historicity would question even these three lines. Hence, all the vast volumes about Jesus's life, teachings, mission and the like have been based almost exclusively upon folklore, myth, legend, forgery and wishful thinking. It is hard to found a valid book of six hundred pages on three lines of authentic text.

What about the "historicity" of Mark and Luke? Neither of these men was an eye-witness of the activities of Jesus recounted in the work attributed to him. There is a possibility that Mark took down some of his material in the form of dictation from Peter when the latter was a garrulous old man, but we must recall that Peter's reputation for veracity was not too good even before the death of his Master. Yet if Mark did capture some of Peter's reminiscences, certainly much of his book was composed of pure legend and myth which had accumulated in the generation that had elapsed after the death of Jesus. To be sure,

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the gospels of Mark and Luke are historic, using this adjective in its broadest and most generic sense, but so is Parson Weems's life of Washington. Indeed, Weems was in a far better position to know about Washington than was Mark or Luke to give us an account of Jesus. The burden of proof would certainly lie on Mr. Gaebelein to show that Parson Weems is not much more reliable an authority on Washington than are the writers of the Synoptic Gospels in regard to Jesus. It is not necessary to take the advanced position that all the Gospels were deliberate forgeries of the Church, though it is certainly true that this assertion is far more defensible than Mr. Gaebelein's conception of the Synoptic Gospels as substantial historical narratives of a high order.

I am not at all happy about such facts. While I do not attribute the same importance to Jesus as does Mr. Gaebelein, yet as an historian I would welcome the existence of a whole row of volumes containing Jesus's authentic published sermons and lectures, together with reminiscences and memories of his life and teachings by scores of reliable and reputable eye-witnesses. But, unfortunately, all we have is the material for the three-line obituary notice, and the real radicals would even steal this away from us.

Mr. Gaebelein complains that among the liberal writers "the orthodox view of the atonement is lampooned as a horrible doctrine savoring of the slaughter-house and the dark days of barbarism." He is quite right about our attitude here, but I see no reason for altering our position. The only difficulty is to discover words strong enough to condemn so crude and savage a notion, and one so utterly lacking in logic in its background. To the evidence of biblical history and criticism we may now add that from contemporary astrophysics. This material completely obliterates the probability that the God of the galaxy of galaxies of galaxies would send His only begotten Son to our microscopic little planet to die as a penalty exacted because of the sins of our first parents, due to an utterly arbitrary and senseless proscription of the Deity. And Mr. Gaebelein must remember that, as an "evangelical" believer, he can not well abandon the orthodox view of the atonement.

Finally, Mr. Gaebelein objects very strenuously to the fact that some of us have pointed to certain of the passages of the Bible as obscene. He cites pages 174–5 of my *Twilight of Christianity*, and points to my reference to the woman taken in adultery and to the impregnation of Elizabeth by Gabriel. He does not hint for a moment that he has selected the two most innocent references from scores which I cite in these pages; yet, he assumes to question my "intellectual integrity" on this matter. But suppose we go to the mat with him on these two references alone. I have never said that I personally regard these passages or any of the others which I cite as "obscene." What I said and will repeat is that such passages as these are obscene according to the standards which the Christians have set up for testing that word and its implications in American society. Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy*

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was banned in Boston and a man served a term in prison for selling it. But there is nothing in that book more "obscene" than the biblical passages about the woman taken in adultery or the exploit of Gabriel. Further, no book banned in Boston in the last three years — short of privately printed *Erotica* — contains more "obscene" passages than the Bible as a whole. Let the doubtful consult my very incomplete exhibit. If the same standards were applied to the Bible that are applied to secular books by the Christian censors, it would never get by the Watch and Ward Society or Mr. John S. Sumner.

Let Mr. Gaebelein clearly understand that Messrs. Darrow, Mencken, Nathan, Lewis, Dreiser and myself have no objections whatever to these obscene passages. We only point out that they should be reprehensible to Christians and that the Christians are hardly fair in going to the Bible to gain ammunition for their censorship campaign. Live and let live would be a better slogan for them.

THOUGH for the most part a disciple of Plotinus and Paul, Mr. Gaebelein makes at least one bow before the altar of William James and John Dewey. In his testing of Christianity he becomes a pragmatist for the moment. "He evaluates his faith to a considerable extent on the fact that it works."

Mr. Gaebelein gets on pretty shaky ground here. If Christianity is to be judged by its success, then Mohammedanism must be accorded first place. In spite of the fact that it has had to work under a handicap of seven centuries' delay in getting under way, Mohammedanism can count more converts today than the Christians. Moreover, it has won back the very areas in which Christianity had its birthplace. Likewise, Buddhism works with its millions. Mr. Gaebelein is a Protestant Christian, but he can not deny that Catholic Christianity works with many more millions than the Protestants can claim. Anglican Christianity works. So does Christian Science. So, indeed, does atheism. The militant atheists are so full of enthusiasm about their godless religion that they are almost as much of a nuisance in their proselyting zeal as the evangelical cohorts. If Christianity has made many believers supremely happy, it has also rendered millions of others extremely miserable. It has promoted fear, persecution, witchcraft, inquisitions, incredible tortures, intolerance, psychic intimidation, wars, avarice and other untold horrors. In support of this indictment I would not ask Mr. Gaebelein to read any non-Christian writers. Let him look in *Jesus or Christianity*, written by Kirby Page, himself a distinguished and talented evangelical clergyman.

Mr. Gaebelein denounces us freethinkers because "conversion is made synonymous with 'hit-the-trail' methods of high pressure revivalism, or else confused with psychological complexes." Certainly the skeptics can not be accused of having introduced evangelism into Christianity. I have never known of any evangelical clergyman who objected to welcoming into his fold those who had been brought to Jesus along the sawdust route by

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Billy Sunday, Gipsy Smith *et al.* Moreover, the growing indifference to religion on the part of the younger generation is likely to make high-power evangelistic methods more necessary than ever in the future. No literate person can well object to psychological researches into the mechanisms of religious conversion. The two Americans who have done the most to popularize the newer psychological conceptions of conversion have been clergymen, Everett Dean Martin and W. S. Swisher.

Mr. Gaebelein also complains that we are not sufficiently appreciative of the heroic labors of foreign missionaries in behalf of civilization and progress. Now I would be the first to admit and admire the personal devotion and bravery of the thousands of men and women who have left happy and comfortable homes to sacrifice all comforts and safety among savages in remote parts of the world. This is one matter. To approve of their aims and results is quite another.

As long as one believed implicitly in the Christian Epic, had no doubt of a literal future life, accepted the stark alternatives of Heaven and Hell, and thought that all infidels would perish miserably in brimstone, then missionary enterprise could be justified as a most noble and worth while career. If one rejects the belief in the soul and the future life, most of the justification for the conversion of the heathen disappears. Missionary enterprise has to be vindicated, if at all, on the basis of its incidental contributions to social and intellectual progress.

The new picture, then, is quite different. In the first place, if missionary activity is to be judged by its secular contributions rather than by its religious achievements, then the question may be asked, why missionaries? Why not leave the work to secular medical, educational and sociological foundations which can devote themselves directly and with singleness of purpose to secular activities? In the second place, many of the social by-products of missionary zeal have been an unmitigated disaster to natives on a lower plane of culture and living in a quite different climate from the original habitats of their missionary leaders. Missionary ideals of purity, modesty, clothing and the like have contributed enormously to the moral debasement and the hygienic jeopardy of the natives. Such horrible notions as modesty and immodesty, "nice" and not "nice," sin, guilt and the like have been introduced for the first time by missionaries. It is doubtful if St. Paul or Anthony Comstock is a safe guide for simple natives living in the South Seas or central Africa. Some of the conceptions of "right living" introduced among natives by missionaries have been hygienically nearly as devastating as the plagues and famines to which these peoples are subjected.

MR. GAEBELEIN winds up by assuring us that "the intelligent evangelical is a much more tolerant person than his caricaturists realize." I have no knowledge which would lead me to doubt the urbanity of Mr. Gaebelein. But the relevant question is how far this frame of mind extends to his fellow-believers. It is undeniable that from the evangelical hosts are recruited

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the Kluxers, the censors, the purists, the Prohibitionists, the anti-evolutionists, the lynchers and the like. As a group, the evangelicals are aggressively intolerant. From "The Menace" to Mabel they have denounced the Catholics. They war on modernism within their own organization. Witness the ousting of Dr. Fosdick by the Presbyterians, perhaps the best educated of the evangelical groups. Indeed, the Presbyterians hardly admit their evangelical character. And the vote ousting Dr. Fosdick was a vote of the clergy, not of the congregations. If one is inclined to accept without question Mr. Gaebelein's assertion relative to the urbane and tolerant character of the evangelical clergy he may be referred to Rev. Dr. A. C. Dieffenbach's *Religious Liberty*, a very authoritative clinical study of that very subject. Or, better yet, let one consult the works of the aggressive leaders of evangelical Christianity: L. W. Munhall, John Roach Straton, J. Gresham Machen, J. C. Massee, Mark A. Matthews, William B. Riley, "Two-gun" J. Frank Norris and the like. Or let him look over the reviews of my *Twilight of Christianity* by even Modernist clerics.

Not only is the typical evangelical intolerant of liberalism within the fold. He is fiercely arrayed against evolutionism and other hellish doctrines from without. As a sample of this we may cite the statement of the eminent Edward Young Clarke relative to the evangelical attitude towards evolution: "In another two years, from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, there will be lighted in this country countless bonfires, devouring those damnable and detestable books on evolution." Dr. Stewart G. Cole's excellent recent *History of Fundamentalism* gives a splendid account of the militant intolerance of evangelical Christianity both within the Church and against the enemy from without.

This same material will also answer the charge which Mr. Gaebelein makes that we liberals are caricaturing a straw man when we attack the evangelical Christian. Well, the best test of that is to read the works of the evangelical leaders. If anything which Mencken has ever said about the evangelicals is half as damning as the very words of Riley, Machen, Massee, Matthews, Munhall, Straton, Bryan, Norris, and their less vocal brethren, then I shall confess defeat. Any charges which can not be amply proved to the very hilt out of the very mouths of the orthodox leaders may well be abandoned by their critics.

I will close with the categorical assertion that, no matter how much personal happiness we may wish on any evangelical clergyman, there is not one single item in the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian which can in any way be harmonized with the rudiments of modern scientific, historical and critical knowledge. It is the privilege of the orthodox believer to defy, ignore or even ridicule science. But he will make little headway when he tries to crawl into the shadow, not only of the cross but of the test-tube and telescope as well.

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Southern Town

By Sara Haardt

Sketches

Old Captain Noah Davis was always saying what he'd do to the damned Yankees if he ever met them face to face again. He'd beat them down like dogs and stomp them in the dust. He'd knock their hard heads clean off their shoulders until they cracked like rotten oranges. He'd rip their guts to ribbons and hang them on a crab-apple tree. That was how he got his nickname Die-Hard at the Soldiers' Home, at Jellico. He'd fight as long as he had a leg to stand on.

He got so bad he became the town show. Children gaped at him from behind the sweet shrub bushes in the yard and ran away screeching "Goddam-yankee" at the top of their lungs. A young man in a brown sack coat came over from Atlanta to take a picture of him for the paper. It was published in the Sunday supplement under the caption, "Calls His Countrymen Traitors." For a week afterward the letter column was filled with protests from citizens in the neighboring States saying that if somebody didn't shut Old Captain Davis up the damned Yankees would stop buying factory sites, and there would be more hard times in Georgia.

Finally, the president of the Chamber of Commerce of Atlanta and the chairman of the Boosters' League of Parksville got together and made Captain Die-Hard Davis an offer. He was to become caretaker of the old Parksville burying-ground, where the Confederate and Union soldiers lay buried on opposite sides of the railroad cut, at a salary of a hundred dollars a month. All he had to do was to see that dogs didn't dig up the graves and to direct the few straggling visitors past the gates.

The veterans at Jellico muttered dubiously.

"I wish I wus within a mile o' there when some Yankee son uv a gun asks Die-Hard to show him the Yank graveyard."

"Die-Hard jes' as soon beat a knot on his head as look at him!"

"Die-Hard's been layin' fur a chance like this. He's good to kill him."

The Parksville burying-ground was a good two miles from town. Tall Johnson grass and thorny bitter weeds grew in the gullies around it, weeds even thrust wiry prongs over the crumbling marble slabs in the family lots. It wasn't a likely place for visitors. Even Yankee sons of guns.

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But Old Captain Die-Hard Davis waited by the gate in his Confederate gray, like a picket on guard, ready for them. His suit was frayed but he wore his sword, and his sword was shining. People said he wore a pistol too, and he often took a long shot at the curs that scurried down the gulley. He popped 'em off like flies. It looked like hell for the Yankees.

One morning in May, when the ladies of the U. D. C. were decorating the Confederate graves for Memorial Day, a strange car pulled up at the gate. "Is this the Parksville cemetery?" the driver called. He was a stoutish man, with small red-rimmed eyes. He wore a pair of goggles with yellow panes, the kind sold in drug-stores to cross-country tourists.

"It ain't nothin' else," answered Junior Purefoy who had come out to help his mother stick Confederate flags on the soldiers' graves.

"Pull ovah, pull ovah!" yelled Captain Die-Hard Davis. He always ordered automobiles about as if they were mule teams. "Cleah the road, cleah the road!"

The man stepped out of the car and walked briskly over to where Captain Die-Hard stood by the gate. There were two ladies with him, their hats muffled in brown veils.

"Are you the sexton?"

The ladies of the U. D. C., and their helpers inside the gate, drew together in a little circle and waited. The man's *r*'s still echoed in a mounting blasphemy. He was a Yankee of the most vicious type, small but quick and wiry, assured, prosperous.

"I'm all the sexton there is." Captain Die-Hard Davis reared up, and his sword flashed in the sun. The ladies' bosoms fluttered as a kind of passion burst deep within them. There, in the transparent May sunlight, stood Captain Die-Hard Davis's Yankee flirting with death. One thrust of his frayed gray arm and —

"Could you direct me to the Union cemetery? Hethcox is my name. I am looking for my father's grave."

Captain Die-Hard Davis shook his fist above Mr. Hethcox's head. His voice rolled out like the Central of Georgia thundering through the cut:

"The Yanks they came in numerous bands;
To free our niggers an' steal our lands;
But yon small mounds mark the spot
Of all the land the damn Yanks got!"

Across the yard of space that divided them his gray arm wavered. "Ovah yonder, ovah yonder, Mr. Hethcox. Look out for the cocklebuhs, ladies. They stick like graybacks on a Yank mule!"

II

WHEN she was a girl, just after the Civil War, Miss Julie Abernathy was called the Camellia of Alabama, because her skin was as satiny white as the petals of the camellias she wore in her golden hair. Miss Julie knew that she was beautiful. She liked to sit before her rosewood courting mirror, practising butterfly gestures, dropping her lace handkerchief, fluttering a gay farewell with it, unpinning the camellia at her throat for a stricken suitor. No matter what she did, she radiated the air of an incomparable belle.

Her true beau lover would come riding one day, a dashing cavalier

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with a lovely curly beard and gold spurs, like General J. E. B. Stuart! She could be sweet to the sad young men who courted her so desperately until then. She would smile at them softly, and coquettishly proffer them bon bons from the beribboned boxes they ordered specially from New Orleans for her; but never would she marry one! The very young ones, who had escaped the war, were too callous, too innocent of the past in their free jocosities; the older ones who had somehow missed the war possessed only the most negative virtues, with often a doubtful military record; a few soldiers had returned, jaundiced, crippled, with bandaged stumps for arms and legs that had caused little shivers to run up her spine. No, no, no!

They couldn't all be dead, dead and as cold as stone, beneath the fields of Shiloh and the Wilderness! She would smile her soft smile and wait, thank you. "Do have another bon bon!" Sweets to the sweet!

But years passed, and the only hoofbeats on the roads were those of the carpetbaggers clattering by on their dirty business, and though she still wore her air of smiles, she slyly moistened the scarlet cloth poppies off an old garden hat and rubbed them on her faded cheeks. She no longer practised butterfly gestures before her rosewood courting mirror but stared with the fevered eyes of danger at the fine net of wrinkles that was faintly visible in her satiny skin. She tried using liquid powder but it caked distressingly, and left the wrinkles exposed like tiny valleys.

Now her coquetry seemed the compensatory gestures of an old maid. She no longer wore camellias in her hair but carried one stiffly in her hand, the stem wrapped in a piece of tinfoil saved from the boxes of bon bons. Yet she was still lovely in the dusk of her garden and she still had admirers. It had become a tradition for the young men of Parksville to call on her when they started courting, and there was always one who lingered until the next one came along.

Then, suddenly, the first year of the boll weevil, Miss Julie developed an eating cancer in her left breast. She whispered it to Dr. Grady Trapp — because he was her third cousin — and Dr. Trapp cut it away; but it would come back again in five years. Maybe in her right breast or her stomach or under her arms — some place. An eating cancer was a mean thing. But even if it didn't come back, it had ruined Miss Julie's looks. She lay there, in the white enameled hospital bed, her face and neck and arms a shocking bilious green.

She was definitely an old maid now, her last butterfly gesture fixed into a distressing habit of constantly raising and contracting her eyebrows. She said the ether had caused it. It was the ether that had turned her complexion green too. She spoke calmly but within there was a nameless tumult.

Of all the young men who used to court her only Luther Hicks remained. He was a rat-faced young man who slouched in a shambling gait instead of riding in the cavalry. He was of undersize, and nobody ever asked him how he made a living because something in his rat face, his queer bloodshot eyes, forbade it. When Miss Julie said she

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was going to marry him, even Creola Vickers, the mulatto sewing woman, laughed. But she didn't laugh long.

Miss Julie had Creola come to her the first week in June and make a white satin wedding dress with a flowing veil. It had seed pearls stitched on the waist in the design of a camellia, and when Miss Julie tried it on she acted like a girl of sixteen primping for her first beau. Her marriage to Luther, she said, would change everything. Only marriage could make her beautiful again. It would curl her hair into golden ringlets, smooth the wrinkles out of her greenish skin. On her wedding day she carried a bouquet of camellias, and tucked two of them in her hair as she had worn them as a girl. Was there ever a bride who wasn't beautiful?

In her veils, in the flickering candlelight of the church, she *did* seem lovely; but back in her house, before her rosewood courting mirror, she looked old — older than she had ever seemed: the dead white satin dress accentuated the greenish pallor of her skin, and the veil had bound her thin hair to her head in damp strings. It came to her now, with a choking bitterness, that she was not only old but eighteen years older than Luther Hicks. Then another and more shocking thought gripped her — Luther, with his shambling ways, his rat face, didn't love her! And never had. Slowly she undid Creola's invisible fastenings and locked the white satin dress in a drawer with sprigs of lavender.

Luther went down to Florida on a business trip that September. Months passed, and he didn't come back. Miss Julie seemed at once hurt and uncomprehending. She never spoke his name again. All she asked, she said, was to die. The thought of death was sweet, sweet. When she was laid out in her white satin dress, she would be the bride of death, with the carved lovely face of her girlhood. The Camellia of Alabama!

She prayed for the eating cancer to come back. But the cancer didn't come back. Years passed, and her greenish skin hung in pouches on her body, her breath stank like the weeds at the bottom of Blue Cat Pond. She sat all day in a goose-neck rocker in her bedroom, rocking gently, gently, as old mammies used to rock babies in their cribs. As she dozed off she dreamed of lying in her white satin dress in her coffin in the drawing room below, while a slow procession of beautiful girls dropped flowers in a sacrificial pile around her. The bosoms of the beautiful young girls rose and fell sharply in envy as they drew near — death, the great sculptor, the great artist, had mocked them in their beauty. She was more lovely than the loveliest of them, she was more lovely than the camellias that covered her in a fragrant pall. Miss Julie Abernathy, ladies and gentleman. The Camellia of Alabama!

One afternoon, in late October, when old Aunt Penny brought up her cup of tea, she couldn't wake her. Miss Julie sat dozing with half-closed eyes; the goose-neck rocker was still rocking, gently, gently, but she was stone dead. Aunt Penny lifted her up and laid her on the bed. She was already cold to the touch.

Dr. Grady Trapp rode out from town in his new roadster and signed the death certificate. He waited in the drawing room, while the under-

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takers carried their long black satchels up the stairs, and tiptoed down again.

"I'll tell you how it is, doctor," the younger one said in his hushed professional voice; "sometimes we can fix 'em up to look real nat'rel, if the family lets us have a free hand. The undertakin' business has seen a big change in the last ten years, an' we give 'em as good service as any. But you take a case like Miss Julie, doctor —"

"We know you're the only family connection Miss Julie had, doctor," the older one interposed, "an' you know Miss Julie's been sick a mighty long time. We can't promise you much in the way of re*sults*, doctor, but we'll do the best we can. Yessuh! We'll do the best we can!"

III

Old Captain Zack Fuller used to stop people on the street and tell them about the time he cheated the damned Yankees out of his military button. It seems that on the twenty-ninth of April, 1866, General Grant's Government passed a law saying that after the tenth of May if any ex-Confederate officer appeared in the streets wearing his uniform with the military buttons, he should be compelled by the local Union guard to cut them off; if he persisted in wearing them he was to be arrested and locked in jail, where rebels had rotted before him. That would settle him!

Captain Zack Fuller's comrades cut off their own buttons, or laboriously covered them with cloth, but Captain Zack said he'd be Goddammed if any Yankee Government was going to strip him of his personal property. On the eleventh of May, he marched down the street with every brass button shining like a diminutive sun. There was a blackguard of a Yankee officer standing on the corner under a catalpa tree and he walked deliberately past him.

"Hey, sir-r-r," the Yankee called. "Halt, sir-r-r!"

"Halt, hell!" answered Captain Zack in a voice of thunder but he paused in front of the Yankee and gave him a bitter look.

The Yankee fumbled apologetically with his sword. "It ain't my law, sir-r-r," he said, "but I got to cut them buttons off."

"All right, all right," muttered Captain Zack, "you whack 'em off. But, so help me God, when you've whacked the last one you'll wonder what struck you. If the right hand of God don't smite you down then I'm a blackleg Republican!"

The Yankee drew his sword. Its blade was razor sharp and he nipped the buttons off Captain Zack's sleeves neatly; but when he came to the double row down the front of his coat his hand shook. "These is the General's orders," he said hoarsely, "all I kin do is to ex-e-cute 'em."

"All right, all right," threatened Captain Zack, "you ex-e-cute 'em an' so help me Jesus the Lord'll execute you!"

The Yankee sawed away clumsily while the buttons rained down like chinquapins in a windstorm but when he came to the last gleaming one on the front of Captain Zack's coat he faltered. "That'll do for you, that'll do for you," he waved him away.

But Old Captain Zack planted his feet firmly on the ground and shook

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his beard in his face. "Go ahead, go ahead, by Jesus, and let the Lord take a whack at you!"

The Yankee shrugged uncomfortably. "Keep the darned button. I wouldn't take it for Old Tecumseh himself. Keep the darned button!"

Captain Zack had kept it all right. As long as he lived he wore it on the front of his gray uniform. He stopped people on the street and pointed to it with his long index finger, while he recited the story of the Yankee lout. And when he died he left word that he should be buried in it, uniform and all.

There was a vault built on one side of the railroad cut in the Parksville burying-ground, where the Ku Klux met after the War, and Captain Zack commanded that his body be placed inside it in a metallic casket with a glass top, so that visitors could look down upon him in his old gray uniform with its one shining button, and recall the perfidy of the Yankee dogs. Every Sunday, the year after he died, people flocked to the burying-ground, and waited in line to see him. Old Captain Die-Hard Davis marshalled them out at dark with the butt of his gun, bawling at them until his voice drowned the roar of the Central of Georgia hurtling over the rails from Waycross.

The walls of the vault were gray with mold, and were covered with initials and Bible verses. "Jesus Wept" . . . "Prepare To Meet Your God" . . . "God Is Love." Light filtered in from the grating above and fell directly upon the glass top of the casket, but it had the strange quality of a shadow that was merely lighter than the dark of the room. It showed Old Captain Zack Fuller stretched at full length in his gray uniform with his one brass button gleaming like an eery eye. The skin had tightened over his skull in the months he had lain there, and the visitors who saw him regularly said his beard had grown a full inch, but he was remarkably preserved.

Then, one evening as he was shutting up, Old Captain Die-Hard Davis noticed a purplish splotch on his right cheek. He kept the visitors out for a week, under the pretext that the vault was being repaired, and sure enough the splotch spread until his face was as black as a crow's. Captain Die-Hard talked it over with his comrades from the Soldiers' Home.

"This ain't goin' to do," he told them, "he's turned blacker than any nigger. It ain't goin' to do atall for him to be layin' there to all intents an' purposes a Goddammed nigger in a Confederate uniform!"

When the visitors demanded to see Captain Zack after that he told them that the lock had rusted, and he was waiting for the locksmith to come out from town to fix it. People said he had thrown the key down the railroad cut, but after a while, with new industries springing up in Parksville every day, they forgot all about it and Captain Die-Hard Davis himself had been dead and buried for long years before they remembered Captain Zack Fuller and his button again.

A new sexton had discovered the key to the vault among some old papers belonging to the burying-ground, and had opened it and looked at Captain Zack. There he lay, his face as gray as his uniform, a strange chalky gray that looked as if

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he had been sculptured out of ashes; and there was his button on his coat, gleaming dully, an eery eye in the darkness.

People came out from Parksville in droves, they parked their cars in the railroad cut and clambered up the incline, breathless and curious. It was April, the air was sweet with the perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine, and they made an outing of it, strewing the paper wrappings from their picnic lunches along the paths.

Some of them had come every day for a week. Among them was a tall boy named Willie Bender with a pale coffin-shaped face and a popped stare. He had worked at the Owl drug-store for a while but the manager had discharged him for reading from a book under the counter during working hours. He not only read but he collected curious objects, old coins and rocks and war relics, which he methodically labelled and locked in an old china closet at home. Afterwards, people remembered seeing him pawing over the trash in the junk piles along the river but all they remarked about him at the moment was his fascination for Old Captain Zack's button, and his long sharp fingernails that tapped the sides of the casket like a woodpecker testing for rotten wood.

On this particular Sunday in April he took his place in the line of visitors and moved slowly along with them. The man in front of him noticed that he bit his nails impatiently, but aside from that, he was utterly composed. All around them the sun sifted down in a dusty gold and birds called softly. It was a Sunday, like Easter, when the perfume of flowers mingled with the earthy wind from the graves.

Inside the vault it was dark after the sunshine. But the boy Willie Bender did not falter. He walked straight up to the casket where Old Captain Zack Fuller lay in his gray uniform, and with a sudden swoop, struck the glass with his sharp fingernails. There was a hissing sound as the air rushed in; he grabbed the button on Captain Zack's breast and tore down the hill.

Not a soul stirred after him. They stood there, as if they were rooted to the damp ground, staring in a pitiful bewilderment at the little piles of gray dust where Captain Zack Fuller had lain.

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Judicious Liberty

By Chester T. Crowell

How zoning works

Back in the dark ages before we were introduced to Woodrow Wilson and the New Freedom, I was reading law. At that time there was a funny story with a moral that had long been current among Texas lawyers; and youngsters nibbling at Blackstone were certain to hear it. According to this story a boy from the remote reaches of the boll weevil belt came to town to take the bar examination and frankly confessed that his entire preparation consisted of memorizing the statutes. The chief examiner, according to the story, told him to go home and read another wheelbarrow-load of books, including the Constitution, because, "If you were admitted to the bar simply because you have memorized the statutes, the next Legislature could repeal all the law you know, and then where would you be?" This rated as a very, very funny story, and positively owlish for wisdom. I got the point at once and gave a great deal of attention to the fundamentals. They were not going to repeal the sort of law I learned. No, sir! But just the same they have been doing it for twenty years. Whole fists full of the Constitution, as it was taught to me, have been repealed.

Nowadays we are accustomed to the citation of strange laws and still stranger court decisions relating to the prohibition of alcoholic beverages to prove that the Constitution is being undermined. These are, of course, the most startling examples; but the same trend is manifest in realms that are utterly unrelated to moral or uplift legislation. Not only the nature of our Government but our conception of basic law is undergoing a remarkable and rapid evolution. To discuss this subject and use as examples any of the noble experiments flowing from that school of thought which proclaims I-am-my-brother's-keeper as the root of all law is apparently a waste of time. Such argument merely bounces off sturdy emotional resistance without reaching the cerebrum of the listener. Let us then discuss the popular plan for making urban communities better and more beautiful places in which to live — the plan that is called zoning.

The purpose back of this scheme is, of course, excellent. Therefore you are expected to overlook the fact that it introduces an entirely new and raucously revolutionary theory with regard to land titles. Briefly this theory is that the public has a

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right to limit, abridge, and regulate your use of your land in spite of the fact that you may have bought it twenty years ago and hold it in fee simple. Not only may you be told that you can not maintain a boarding and rooming house or a filling station on it this year, but later the regulation can be changed. In fact it can be changed repeatedly.

Still more amazing to a senile dodderer like myself, who studied law twenty-five years ago, is the fact that the first legislation authorizing zoning was passed by municipalities without even the slight gesture of asking State legislatures for the authority. That would have been necessary even if the plan had been constitutional, which it absolutely was not. Moreover many of the municipalities which first passed such legislation are in New York and New Jersey, States that are fairly littered with law schools and cluttered with lawyers. The early efforts at zoning were resisted in the courts — by Bolsheviks no doubt — and before much progress could be made it was necessary to go to the State legislatures and obtain enabling acts. These have been obtained in ever-increasing numbers and now zoning is merrily on its way. The fact that it is as plain an example of retroactive legislation as one could hope to find seems not to have obstructed progress. All constitutions prohibit retroactive legislation, even the weird Constitution of Mexico, and for a very sound reason. If it did not the Legislature could convene next week and make a felony of something you did last year or annul a lawful contract into which you entered last month.

All land titles are, of course, limited by the superior title of the State, but in civilized countries this has always meant that the State, for good reason, could take your land away from you by paying for it. The basic objection to zoning is that it takes away a part of your title and doesn't pay you for your loss. Again let us remind ourselves that the purpose is excellent. And let us not overlook the fact that it would be very difficult, though not impossible, to accomplish zoning constitutionally. But the good work has now gone far enough unconstitutionally — that is, as we senile dodderers of forty learned the Constitution — for us to see just what comes of such short cuts.

PERHAPS it would be advisable first to examine a typical zoning law, in order that we may get an idea of the complexity of the task it undertakes to discharge. Here is one in force in a city of New York State with a population of about one hundred thousand. Its main provisions have created seven Use Districts for the city: Industrial, Commercial, Business "A," Business "B," Multi-Family Residence, Two-Family Residence and Single-Family Residence. In the first four certain specified business uses are allowed, in addition to the residential uses of the other three. The Multi-Family Residence District, besides the uses in the other residential districts, permits apartment houses, hotels, private clubs (with certain limitations as to kind), private or philanthropic institutions (also with limitations), hospitals and sanitariums (again with limitations). The Two-Family Residence Use District permits only those

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uses allowed in the Single Family Residence District plus two-family dwellings and boarding houses and "community houses," provided no more than six dwellings, with party walls, are erected in a single group. And the Single Family Residence District prohibits all uses except for single family dwellings, churches, schools, railway rights of way, railway stations, athletic fields, farming, nursery and truck gardening.

Thus, by a process of continuous exclusion, we come to a district or zone where practically every use open to the individual land owner is prohibited, excepting that of residential use for a single family.

But the law doesn't stop at zoning for use. There are regulations as to the height of buildings which may be erected, varying in different zones from thirty-five feet to a fixed multiple of the width of the streets on which the property abuts. Other regulations relate to "Housing Density," under which one owner's property can be built upon only for the occupancy of a single family, while another owning a similar area may build for as many families as he can find room for. There are special regulations as to where garages may be built, and under what conditions the family may take in a lodger, and a provision requiring that the police must be admitted "at all reasonable times" to any building "whether already erected or in course of erection," for the purpose of determining whether or not the provisions of this ordinance are being complied with.

There is a provision in this law, as it was finally adopted, that the minimum plot on which a house may be located in a certain zone shall contain four thousand three hundred and fifty square feet, and if a family having only this minimum wishes to take in "paying roomers or lodgers," six hundred and fifty square feet of additional land must be provided for each one. There is a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars or thirty days' imprisonment for violation of any provisions of the act, and also for refusing to admit the police or other enforcement officers to search for violations.

Thus *all* households are subject to entry and search on suspicion of keeping a lodger without having the required amount of land, with a fine or imprisonment as the penalty if admission is denied to the searcher, and a like penalty if a roomer or lodger is found and the land area is insufficient.

A boarder, in the ordinary meaning of the word, is objectionable to the point of attempted exclusion, for boarding houses are entirely barred from this zone, together with other things, among them "any process omitting dust, odor, gas, fumes, noise or vibration comparable in character or in aggregate amount to that of any use specified in Paragraphs 1 to 15, inclusive" of Subsection C, of Section 10 of this Act. It is only fair to add that the latter are excluded from many zones, while the boarder is free to live anywhere except in "Residence S-1."

Another paragraph, however, permits paying roomers or lodgers to live in this area, under the condition as to land above cited, and still another says that "table board may be furnished" therein.

Thus, although one who acknowledges that he is a "boarder" is ex-

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cluded from certain districts, he may be able to get in by claiming to be a "table boarder" under one paragraph and a "paying roomer or lodger" under another, if the six hundred and fifty square feet of additional land is provided for him by the owner of the premises. If not, out he must go, and the householder who took him in may be fined or imprisoned.

Under the heading of "Variances" there are nineteen clauses setting forth the conditions under which variations, or changes in the provisions of the law may be made by a board which the Act provides for, to hear applications from owners who wish to be relieved of all, or a part of the burdens imposed upon them by the law. It would be hard to find a change which is not authorized by some one of these nineteen clauses.

I MAY be wrong but it seemed to me as I waded through those numerous clauses, sections, paragraphs, and sub-sections that the job was a trifle complex. Others have evidently reached the same conclusion and at least a few have found ways to simplify their individual problems. Changes of zone boundaries have frequently been made amid charges of bribery, and in at least one instance reported by the daily newspapers of the city in question a zone boundary was changed for the avowed purpose of influencing votes. According to the newspapers a special meeting of the city council had been called and a parcel of land was removed from a zone permitting a certain type of apartment house, and placed in one which permitted its use for private dwellings only. This was done on petition of an adjoining property owner who had established his home there with knowledge that he was locating in a zone in which apartments were authorized by the law. When the alderman of the ward was reproached for making this change, his answer was that had he refused the request, he would have lost the votes of the interested parties and their friends at the next election. He made the further excuse that the mayor of the city had "passed the buck to him" by telling the petitioner, when he asked how the change could be effected, that all he needed to do was to get the alderman of his ward to introduce the necessary resolution and it would be passed as a routine matter under the comity rule which prevails in aldermanic boards, and that he (the mayor) would sign it, and the desired result would be accomplished regardless of the objection of the owner of the neighboring property, who, it happened, was a non-resident and consequently had no political influence. The change was obtained in exactly this manner, without regard to the loss to the owner of the property which was thus suddenly deprived of the use which the law had previously allocated to it.

That such power has been used in a scandalous manner in some places, and in a manner to disturb the natural and normal growth of the community in others, can be no surprise to any thinking person. As far back as four or five years ago, the *Searchlight*, the official organ of the Citizens' Union of New York, declared that the zoning law had become "almost the football of politics." At that time the reputed price

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for which a variation permitting a garage or filling station in a prohibited district could be obtained was five hundred dollars. It now costs as much as ten thousand dollars, according to testimony given in a recent law suit. This testimony caused two separate investigations by Federal and county prosecuting attorneys and these have led to one indictment.

However, it is not the purpose of this article to dwell upon the scandals which are, and always will be attached to zoning, but to call attention to the arrogance of the law itself. If the theory of zoning is sound, it should be possible for experts and local officials to allocate a use to each section of a community which would require no variation. Why is it necessary to provide for changes of allocation, and why should they so frequently begin almost immediately after adoption of the law?

The answer, I suspect, is that no law of this nature will work satisfactorily until it bestows upon its administrators not only power but omniscience. For them to understand the present conditions in their community is not sufficient. They must be able to forecast the future as well. But while they deliberate, however honestly, the future becomes the present and proves all factions wrong. If the chosen use is not the best use for all time, how can any apportionment of it to a part of a city, or to a particular parcel of land, by law, be just or fair, or for the best interest either of the landowner, or of the community? Zoning gives no real protection even to those who seek it as a means for keeping their neighborhoods exclusive; nevertheless in many cases they abandon the certain security of deed restrictions for this protection which is so illusory.

How, then, it may be asked, shall a man protect himself when he has erected his house in surroundings that are agreeable to him, and finds that his enjoyment of it is threatened by some unpleasant, and even unsuitable use proposed for adjacent land? This is a fair question and worthy of a plain answer. In the first place, if a residence district is threatened with invasion by enterprises that will "emit dust, fumes, vibration, etc.," it already has a remedy at law. If by any chance it hasn't, it should correct the error immediately. Such nuisances can usually be stopped by injunction.

Next, many residence districts are already protected by clauses in the deeds. If they are not, or if it is desired to extend the restricted districts, the owners can give mutual guarantees and even incorporate these in their deeds. If they are already harassed by objectionable gasoline filling stations or fruitstands, they should buy them. They have no moral right to confiscate them by retroactive legislation; and they should have no such legal right, either. To accomplish zoning in this manner would cost more pains, but probably, in the long run, less money. Assuming that there is sound reason for marking out the exclusive residence district, upwards of ninety per cent of the persons in it should be already complying with the proposed restriction. In that case to buy out the others by apportioning the cost ought not to be too expensive. If it is, some doubt arises as to the soundness

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of the proposed restricted district. In any case, however, to take a short cut in the form of confiscation is wrong. Which reminds me of the story of a pioneer Texas judge who was strongly urged, almost to the point of threats, to uphold an obviously unconstitutional statute born of hysteria. "If you don't sustain this law," shouted the advocate, "this state is going to hell." And the judge replied: "Well, if it does, while I'm on the bench, it will go according to law."

Examination of the attitude of the courts toward zoning discloses that they are disposed to apply the same "rule of reason" which the United States Supreme Court has adopted in construing the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. No point has yet been brought before the courts, since the enabling act was thought of, on which they have been disposed to set zoning legislation aside, but it has been announced in more than one decision that each zoning matter will be dealt with on its merits. This leaves a powerful instrument in the hands of the politicians with which to harass their enemies and reward their friends. However, it is not my intention to suggest that all zoning boards are venal, or influenced by political considerations in making their decisions. On the contrary, it is assumed that in the greater number of cases, these boards are composed of honest, informed men, sincerely desiring to make just decisions. Their handicap is that the great power given to them does not carry with it a grant of omniscience.

The authority they exercise must not be confused with that of a judge, charged with deciding according to the law and the facts, for they are given the power to say who must comply with the law, and who may be excused from its provisions. In New York City zoning changes are freely applied for, and frequently granted. Business interests of the highest character have asked for and been granted relief from the hampering restrictions of the law. Recently a vast street frontage on Park Avenue was changed from a residential to a business zone. A conservative estimate of the value of this land, of which the owners were deprived by the passage of the law, runs into millions. All of this value has been restored by a board acting under authority of the very law which took it away from the owners. No one can dispute that this property is suitable for business, but it was equally so when the law was adopted.

STRANGELY enough, although there has been legislation on this subject by thirty-nine States and more than five hundred municipalities, there has been almost no important public discussion of it, and such literature concerning it as is available is almost entirely of propagandist character. The ugliness of the gasoline filling station is a favorite subject of pro-zoning publicity and beyond question there is an oversupply of these stations. But there is also a war in progress for control of gasoline distribution and that is why we have too many stations. Millions beyond estimate are at stake in this war. That is one reason why venal politicians quite agree with civic bodies comprising our "better elements" that zoning is an excellent idea. It could play a part in the war.

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For the rapid expansion of zoning much credit is due the United States Department of Commerce which has been issuing since 1916 inspirational pamphlets, setting forth its advantages, and explaining the details of procedure. One of these is entitled *A Zoning Primer* and under the heading, "What is Zoning?" appears the following juicy essay on Liberty:

> Zoning is the application of common sense and fairness to the public regulations governing the use of private real estate. It is a painstaking, honest effort to provide each district or neighborhood, as nearly as practicable, with *just such protection*, and *just such liberty*, as are sensible in *that particular district.*

(The italics are just as they appear in the pamphlet.)

The suggestion in the quoted paragraph that zoning is merely a change in existing public regulations with respect to the people's use of their land, is clearly disingenuous. That the Department at least suspected the absence of such public regulations, and no existing principle of law giving sanction to the property regulations contemplated by zoning, is shown in another part of this document; under the heading "Enabling Act" it advises as follows:

> Before any community undertakes zoning it must make sure that it has the power to pass a zoning ordinance. A general State enabling act passed by the State legislature is always desirable, and while the power to zone may, in some States, be derived from Constitutional, as distinguished from statutory, home rule, still it is seldom that the home rule powers will cover all the necessary provisions for successful zoning. This Department has issued a standard State Zoning Enabling Act which contains all provisions needed.

Another pamphlet says:

> That a good city plan should not stop at the city is obvious. . . . There is no real line of separation, no "Twilight Zone," between the interests of the city and of the country surrounding it. . . . Orderly development from the point of view of the region as a whole must come eventually through comprehensive planning by regional commissions, which define and analyze regional problems, and devise practical measures for carrying them out. . . .

And in pursuance of the "orderly development" thus outlined by the Department we now have semi-official bodies which are busily engaged in planning and zoning the countryside as well as the towns and cities. The official "Regional Commission" proposed by the Department has not yet arrived, but it is plainly visible in the offing. Our Federal Government, through this Department, is helping the advancement in both city and country. In fact, the Division of Building and Housing of the Department of Commerce has called this help "its field of work." And the news that a "field of work" of the Department of Commerce of the United States Government is the promotion of legislation to give to its citizens "just such liberty" in use of their land as is deemed "sensible for their particular districts" is certainly worthy of notice.

That its labors have borne fruit is proved in the fact that its standard State Zoning Enabling Act has been used as the basis of legislation by eighteen States, which it names; and it gives twenty-one others in which zoning is authorized by some form of act. It also gives a list of over five hundred cities, towns and villages which have adopted zoning under authority of such enabling acts.

The statement, in the Department's *Zoning Primer*, that the practice of zoning is comparatively new

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"in America" leads one to wonder where else its like is to be found since the fall of the Russian monarchy and the end of the "pale" restricting the Jews.

England and several other countries protect property owners against their neighbors under the ordinary law. For example, in London you could not put up a building that would cut off your neighbor's building from light or air or both. He has what is called an "easement" with regard to your property so far as your activities upon it may restrict his natural right to light and air. If you wish to interfere with that right you must pay him by purchasing his easement. That settles about two-thirds of the problem which zoning tackles. We inherited the English legal theory of the easement in most of our older States but we threw it away, partly because it interfered with skyscrapers. Our idea was that if your neighbors built twenty-story buildings around your bungalow and made it a dark, damp, unhealthy shack at the bottom of a canyon, that was your hard luck. Now it seems that we have changed our minds. But instead of permitting the owner of the threatened bungalow to sell his easement as he would do in those unfortunate countries not blessed with zoning laws we send him before a board to argue that his home is in a residence district when other men wish to invest millions there in tall buildings. If any collecting is done incident to the settlement of the argument his chance to be on the receiving end is poor.

England made her experiment with zoning under the Norman kings. Then (according to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*)

> The legal conception of a forest was that of a definite territory within which the code of the forest law prevailed to the exclusion of the common law. The ownership of the soil might be in any one, but the rights of the proprietor were limited by the laws made for the protection of the king's wild beasts. These laws, enforced by fines often arbitrary and excessive, were a great grievance to the unfortunate owners of land within or in the neighborhood of the forest. The offence of "purpresture" may be cited as an example. This was an encroachment on the forest rights, by building a house within the forest, and it made no difference whether the land belonged to the builder or not. In either case it was an offence punishable by fines at discretion. And if a man converted woodlands within the forest into arable land, he was guilty of the offence known as "assarting," whether the covert belonged to himself or not.

King John lost his zoning privilege at Runnymede. However, Charles the First revived it. But later he lost his head. "Since then," says the learned *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "these laws have fallen into complete disuse." Speaking of English kings, I wonder if anyone nowadays can identify the following paragraph:

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance."

No, I guess not.

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Industrialism Near Journey's End

By S. McClatchie

What new fields are left to conquer?

"That's the uncanny thing about the present depression," my friend, manager of the X Electrical Manufacturing Company, was saying, "there isn't any new line for us to take up. Times certainly have changed in my twenty-five years of experience. Why, before the War there were any number of new things in our line waiting to be exploited; vacuum cleaners, electric cookers, table lamps, X-ray outfits, attachment plugs . . . Now all those fields are filled up and overcrowded. There is practically nothing new in sight today. We electrical fellows seem to have run out of ideas. But I guess the situation in the other industries is pretty much the same. We're all just waiting for something to turn up."

Waiting for something to turn up, waiting for a new job to do! I have visited many factories in the course of the past few months, and nearly everywhere the story is the same.

Of course, there are exceptions. One concern which I have known intimately for years told me that they have experienced the depression only through hearsay. They are making electric washing machines. This field is not yet exhausted, and in hard times many people buy washers to save laundry bills.

Then there is the electric refrigerator. This field is comparatively fresh. Moreover, since the coming of the obligatory cocktail, a constant supply of ice is almost as important as a stove. The electric refrigerator is one of those rare "new things" for which industry is scanning the horizon. General Motors pounced upon this device several years ago, as a means to bolster up the flattening curve of auto sales. One of the largest radio concerns has taken up refrigerators to piece out the slackening radio business.

This sort of thing is an old story to industry. When the business curve flattens out in the old line, you start a new one. It is thus that the prosperity ball has heretofore been kept rolling. The meat-packer takes up canned pineapples. The bicycle manufacturer designs airplanes. The telephone interests take up talking pictures. The explosives manufacturer takes to making cellophane. The railroad company goes into the bus business. The magneto manufacturer goes into radio. One of the main reasons why the farmer has not duly shared in the modern tide of pros-

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perity is that he could not or would not look for new fields to conquer.

Prosperity is but another name for the rising exploitation of new things. Cut off the supply of novelties and every business in the land soon sinks to a dead level. We call this dead level "depression," but it is such only by contrast to what is really an abnormal boom.

The way out of a depression is to create new wares and with them new jobs. Industry did this in the past decade, first with cheap closed cars, then with radio and finally with the talking pictures. The new auto industry alone gave employment directly and indirectly to millions of wage earners. Such new developments arouse a wave of buying enthusiasm throughout the population. Such a wave spreads outward from a few centres and soon encompasses the whole of industry. When people get their fill of the novelties which industry for the time being has to offer, the general enthusiasm dies down. Thus functions the so-called psychological factor in business cycles.

President Hoover strikes at the root of the problem when he urges industry to create new things by forcing research and engineering development. But most of the business doctors put less faith in the patient's ability to cure himself by his own efforts. Their opinion is gradually crystallizing about two points: First, that the present depression is unique, that it is not just another "panic," but the beginning of a new era of "simpler thinking and simpler living." This is just their euphemistic way of letting the patient know that the age of youthful excesses is past and that there is no elixir of youth which can recall it. The second point follows from the first: the patient must not try to work so hard. Industry must reduce its pace by adopting a six or seven hour day. Already the industrialists themselves are beginning to advocate this course.

Reduction of working hours! Remember how in the old days this was the objective of the labor-unions and socialists, fought for tooth and nail in the interests of the working-man! Remember how the eight-hour day was won in the face of the most determined opposition of the "capitalists." Now it is the capitalists who are talking reduction of hours. Today industry is confessing itself unable to provide every man a forty-eight-hour job, yet it must give every man a job of some sort in order to sell its wares and to justify itself before the world.

A profound change has come over industrialism since the old days. The first signal of this change was the throttling of immigration. This alteration in the policy of the "melting pot" was a forerunner of the present movement for decrease of working hours. For years the tide of new inventions and developments rose so fast that America needed every man it could press into service. Our industries even sent agents to Europe to persuade Poles and Italians and Hungarians to come and work for new masters in the new land. They even went so far as to pay the way of the immigrants. Anything to get fodder for the fast-growing industrial machine!

Then came the change of front. First the Government forbade the

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practice of soliciting immigration through agents. Then it passed the quota laws. And finally, with the coming of the great depression, it has cut off the flow almost entirely. We have stopped the influx of new workers, but we have not stopped the on-march of technological unemployment. Now we would be glad to ship back a few of those millions whom we invited in to do our chores.

We have built our railroads and our factories; we have provided a telephone, an automobile and a radio for nearly everybody; we have good roads, warm housing and cheap clothing; our mechanized farms provide us more than enough to eat with a minimum of effort — now what else is there left for us to do?

There still remain a few odd jobs for industry. America can use about ten million more radio sets and electric refrigerators. We can all buy orange-juice extractors, bakelite cups and dishes, rustless cutlery and a few more such knick-knacks. We will probably get bigger and better talkies. Television will attract a few of us, as will also the autogyro. But the main job, the biggest part of the task is accomplished. We have at least three-fourths of the things which industrialism is prepared to supply. The future's job is to create the remaining fourth and to make replacements. Industrialism is slowing down. This is the great lesson of the year of depression 1931.

INDUSTRIALISM is slowing down. How does this come to be? To get an answer we must first examine its place in history.

Counting from its beginnings, the industrial epoch is now about 150 years old. To get your time perspective, take this bit of human experience and lay it down somewhere along the scale of the past, say over against Athenian history from 650 to 500 B. C. In this period you have the rise of Hellenic art and culture from crude beginnings to dazzling brilliance. Thereafter comes the era of self-criticism, decadence and final decline. Or take your measure along the scale of the Italian Renaissance from 1400 to 1550. Here again is the story of a rise from crude beginnings to a brilliance which precedes decline. Or consider the swift rise of the British Empire between the early Seventeen-Hundreds and the late Eighteen-Hundreds, preceding the disintegration and decline which is taking place today.

The one constant factor in the history of the West is change. Only the Orient has achieved stability. The West is perpetually experimenting with new forms. A couple of centuries usually suffices for one of its experiments. We may be sure that even now some new epoch is germinating in the womb of western civilization. Another century and the terms "industrialism," "mass production" and "prosperity" may sound as antiquated to our descendants as the phrases "divine right," "stage-coach" and "*laissez faire*" sound to us.

Up until 150 years ago the great experiments of western civilization had been made in the fields of the fine arts, statecraft, conquest, religion and philosophy. Then suddenly the restless western soul began making a grand attack on the problems of mechanics. It had just finished the discovery, exploration and conquest

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of the Americas. Hungrily it looked about for new worlds to conquer. And it hit upon the idea of conquering some of the physical secrets of the universe.

The driving force back of this new flush of activity was the desire to save time and labor, to be relieved of the curse of Cain and of the sweat of tedious toil. And the first sortie proved a grand success; otherwise the rest might never have followed.

Industrialism was born of the steam engine. The engine was reduced to practical form by the Scotchman Watt in the year 1765. Suddenly the West had on its hands a source of limitless power. First it hitched the new engine to pumps to keep the coal mines dry. This was necessary to provide fodder for the new monster. Then it hitched the engine to looms and spinning-wheels — and soon one man was able to do the work of ten. Then it built the engine into ships and carriages — and men and goods were whisked over land and sea with unheard-of ease. These achievements fired men's imaginations with visions of unlimited technical progress.

In America, Whitney conceived the cotton gin, McCormick invented the reaper, Morse created the telegraph, Bell the telephone, Edison the electric light, Selden the automobile, the Wright Brothers the airplane, de Forest the vacuum tube.

The activities of the industrial era are so complex that we may easily lose ourselves in their ramifications. But the tasks which this era has set itself to perform fall into a few main categories.

As I have said, the primary problem of the new age is that of labor-saving. The movement begins with the release of the majority of the population from the tasks of spinning and weaving. Next the farmer is relieved from bondage to scythe, flail and plodding ox-team. Thus his sons are left free to migrate to the cities and operate the new factories. Then the tasks of the shoemaker, the mechanic, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker are all enormously simplified. Then the housewives' tasks are lightened by gas-stoves, central heating, running water, vacuum-cleaners and washing machines. Thus the daughters are released to do the clerical work of the new order. And finally the whole trend issues in the present era of mass production, with conveyors, automatic machinery and Taylorization.

The second great problem of the new epoch is to develop swifter, more commodious transportation. Thus arose the railroad, the steamship, the automobile and the airplane.

The third wish is for swifter communication of intelligence. So the telegraph, the telephone and the wireless were devised.

The fourth desire is for better and more abundant fuels, materials, and compounds, such as Bessemer steel, aluminum, oil, gas, bakelite and the thousand and one articles purveyed by drug, paint and department stores.

The fifth wish to be fulfilled is for better preservation and distribution of food. So the packing, canning and refrigeration industries sprang up.

The sixth desire is for better housing. The most noteworthy developments along this line are the

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modern apartment houses and office buildings.

And finally, the seventh and latest demand is for entertainment. This is the natural culmination of all the rest. Labor-saving spells leisure. The question, "What shall we do with our leisure time?", is answered by the phonograph, the radio and the motion picture.

All these physical developments create a need for new human organizations to rule the machine. Thus there have arisen corporations, trusts, labor unions, communism and innumerable other social institutions.

INDUSTRIALISM has struck out along many paths of development. But each path has an ending.

Take for instance the path of steam and electric transportation. The main development of our railroads, steamships, street-cars and electric lines has long since been completed. For over a generation expansion has been slight and improvement has been only in details of design. No new empires are to be opened up and conquered by the building of new lines, as once in the days of the mail packets and of the Union Pacific boom.

Then there is the path of automobile transportation. The motor-car has already nearly reached a maximum of usefulness. America has as many cars as it has families; the market is nearly saturated. Moreover, traffic congestion, parking limitations and speed and safety restrictions set a bar to further progress.

We are just entering upon the path of air transportation, but here the limitations are well defined in advance. The plane is not an everyday vehicle as is the auto, but a special carrier for long trips. As a personal or family possession, it is in a class with the speed yacht. Moreover, landing and parking limitations and high hazards limit its general usefulness.

Here we come to a factor which is characteristic of all development. The line of evolution through ox-carts, stage-coaches, railroads and automobiles, on up to the latest 300-mile-an-hour hydroplane is obviously one of steadily multiplying difficulties and dangers. At the upper end of the scale of development we get to a point where the results achieved are out of all proportion to the effort and risk involved.

This point is also well illustrated in the field of electrical communication. This includes all electric signaling, from the simple telegraph to the extremely difficult art of television. The basic problem involved is that of handling ever higher and higher electrical frequencies. The hand telegraph involves frequencies of less than ten per second. Automatic telegraphy may involve hundreds of impulses a second. Telephony demands the undistorted transmission of a whole band of frequencies, ranging from 200 to 2,800. Broadcasting demands a band extending at least from 100 to 5,000 (which is approximately the gamut of the piano).

The demands made upon human ingenuity by television are tremendous. The television which has for years been heralded as being "just around the corner" has only the crudest of pictures to offer, and the chances that the pictures will ever even approximate in quality those of

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the common movie are negligible. To transmit a television motion-picture measuring only four by six inches with a clarity equivalent to a newspaper cut would require the use of frequencies running into seven figures. The difficulties in the way of designing apparatus to handle such speedy alternations are formidable, but they are as nothing compared to the main problem, which is to transmit the frequencies involved. Wire transmission is completely out of the question. Radio transmission would involve the use of several hundred wave-bands or channels. To transmit but a single television scene with the amount of detail above indicated would require the monopolizing of substantially the entire band of frequencies now available for commercial broadcasting of all sorts. There would be room for nothing else on the air.

We will undoubtedly eventually have commercial television of a sort, just as we have racing hydroplanes, but the usefulness of both must necessarily remain quite limited. In every line of development we eventually reach a point where the game ceases to be worth the candle. Sooner or later we have to admit to ourselves that we are not gods, but simple mortal men.

Then there is another formidable bar to progress. This is the ever present tendency towards standardization.

Standardization simplifies and cheapens both production and product — as well as, incidentally, human thinking. Looked at from another angle, it means that when human beings finish a job and get used to doing things a certain way, they are not inclined to begin all over again and do the same thing in a different way — even if the different way happens to be very much better. This is just as true today as it was 10,000 years ago. It is comparatively easy to get people to adopt something useful which they never had before, but it is next to impossible to get them to make any radical changes in an everyday article with which they have become thoroughly familiar. The process of getting thoroughly familiar takes about one generation. After two or three generations the case is hopeless. Witness the futile efforts to put across so simple a thing as spelling reform.

Standardization is the handmaiden of mass production. This is the final step in the progress of the industrial arts. The present age of mass production was ushered in by Henry Ford. And with it he ushered in the era of unemployment — or leisure, according to the way you take it. The Ford plant is a job producer as long as it is creating a new market. After the market has been built up, the further evolution of Fordism spells either fewer jobs or shorter hours. This is as true of volume-controls as it is of automobiles. The same trend is at work outside the factory, in the automatizing of telephoning exchanges, in the speeding up of freight trains, and in nearly all the services of everyday life.

But there is a way out of the predicament. If we have come to the end of the journey in the paths which we have heretofore taken, let us strike out in new directions and create fresh paths. If we were to make a few more revolutionary inventions and create with them new industries,

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we could start out all over again on fresh adventures.

Uncharted paths! Previous generations were eager to pioneer. It was that spirit which created the industrial era. But have we in us today that pioneering blood which coursed in the veins of the great inventors and discoverers of the Nineteenth Century? I am afraid not.

The great age of invention ended a generation ago, after a life of 140 years, a life which was about equally divided between England and America. The English phase drew to a close in the middle of the last century. Since then the Britishers have contributed no further great inventions to the world. The machine has there long since tamed the master.

The American era of revolutionary inventions dawned some two generations later than the English era, and it also came to a close about that much later. It reached its height in the Seventies, with the herculean achievements of Edison, Bell and Westinghouse. Since then we too have lost our fierce individualism. Our manner of life has become as standardized as our manner of production. The few rebels who refuse to be subjugated have taken refuge in rackets, in the pages of the liberal press and in oblivion. For industrialism will have none of them. Modern industry can use only routine engineers and research men. If any one doubts this statement, let him go out and try to get a job as an inventor.

TRANSPORTATION and communication are nearest to journey's end. At the end of the one line of development stands the airplane, at the end of the other television. Neither the one nor the other opens up any such vistas of expansion as did once the railroad and the telegraph.

In the category of labor-saving devices we will find only aggravation of our present ailment. Not that labor-saving is not in itself desirable; the problem is only to turn it to good use. In any case, it will go on in spite of whatever we may say, for it is forced by the irresistible pressure of competition.

The fourth of our categories was that of fuels, materials and compounds. Under this last head there is indeed a field which is quite unfettered by technological difficulties. No genius or great discoverer is required to pipe Oklahoma's natural gas to Chicago's millions. The plodding, methodical research laboratory is an ideal place to develop new materials and processes, such as cellophane and chromium plating. It is characteristic of such patient development methods to evolve new and better lubricants, paints, artificial silks, floor coverings, glass, packages and so forth. Here the engineer, the chemist, the physicist and the research man are in their own element, and in their hands industrial progress rests today.

Improvement in the packaging, preservation and refrigeration of food is also quite in line with the genius of the modern age. Here there is room for some further exploitation and expansion.

We are still in the midst of development in the entertainment field. The radio industry has a number of new things up its sleeve — automatic phonographs, home talkies and electrical musical instruments, among

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others. The motion-picture industry also has some improvements to offer. These industries are not quite at journey's end. They are the latest comers and their wares are most in demand. The world will be amused. *Panem et circenses!*

Housing is the one remaining category to be considered. Improvement in this field appears to have run up a blind alley. We have invented plumbing, central heating, electric lighting, the apartment, the kitchenette and the elevator, and called it a day. Aside from these amenities our housing is hardly better than that of ancient Rome. Present-day Europe, with its garden colonies, is doing better than we are. If we could set ourselves to transferring the urban population from the present incredibly ugly flats and frame houses to rustic garden colonies, there would be no unemployment problem for generations. Here it seems to me is the best answer to the problem of how to keep ourselves busy.

No traveler from Europe can fail to be impressed by the unspeakable ugliness of American habitations. Aside from a few dwellings of the well-to-do, they bear the unmistakable mark of makeshift. It is the makeshift of the transient, the exploiter, the gold-seeker. Nowhere in all America is there to be found the snugness of an English village, the artistry of the Bavarian Highland town, the fitness of the Swiss chalet. We boast of American architecture, but this art has thus far been at the disposal only of the rich. For the commonality there is only the world's worst drabness. With a little community planning, the genius of our greatest architects could be drawn upon for the creation of charming, garden-bowered homes for every one.

In any case, the ultimate sense to the reaper, the railroad and the automatic machine is that they set men free to do things more worth while than forever to plod the clods or tread spinning wheels or nail shoes. We have today plenty of free labor. We have a surplus of food and clothing, of all the necessities of life. What we need is to set to work doing something worth while with our surplus. What could be more worth while than to build ourselves a paradise of bowered homes? Our pioneering days are over. It is time we settled down to *live*.

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Belles at the Bargain Counters

By Frances Drewry McMullen

Regiments of Southern girls descending upon New York prove that even the last stronghold of conservatism is turning modern

A new note sounds in the symphony of New York, a soft, musical tone, caressing, sometimes confusing, to the unaccustomed ear — the drawl of the Southern girl. In the Babel of a myriad well accentuated tongues, it rises at times and in places to a crescendo in the composition, having become almost as common as the Mid-Western girl's roll and perhaps commoner than the Down-Easterner's twang.

With the slack complacency of mild nights in mellow climes it comes over the counter of your favorite department store. Or perhaps you catch it in a string of "you-alls" and "reckons" behind you on the bus, or maybe at your elbow in the lobby of the theatre. Yet again it may float in crooning melodies of broad cotton fields across the brief breathing space of your apartment house court. It is bound to reach you somewhere if you frequent New York. It pervades the very atmosphere. And once having caught your attention, it will claim it over and over again until you know beyond a doubt that Southern girls are swarming into town.

A decade ago it was not so. The stream of young womanhood then turned upon the city in search of fun, fame, fortune — what you will — came from the Middle West, where girls traditionally are at liberty to act more to suit themselves and by immediate heritage are possessed of the pioneer turn of mind. But today that stream has spread. A fan-shaped tide rushes in. From Georgia, Florida, and Texas, from South Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky, as well as from Iowa and Kansas, Indiana and Minnesota, they pour upon Hell's Kitchen and Beekman Hill, Chelsea and Greenwich Village.

It has not remained for Southern girls of the moment to discover New York. For years past a sprinkling of them has been percolating in, and here and there they have demonstrated that the hard-hearted city is not impregnable even to the daughters of chivalry. Two of Fifth Avenue's biggest department stores have vice-presidents who are Southern girls; one heads the merchandizing division, the other manages advertising and sales promotion. A Southern woman is a director of a leading

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advertising firm; another, who came to New York characteristically, if vaguely, to write, runs a woman's department for one of the world's largest banks; another is a gynecologist of note. Down in the thick of the financial district a firm shipping magnesite, wood flour and stucco dash to the corners of the globe has a partner who grew up a girl of Tennessee. Over a gracious home in the midtown residential district presides another woman who has penetrated to the world's remote places and brought away from them a name as an explorer of perseverance and scientific spirit; she was born and reared in a Virginia village. Another Southern woman is the financial executive of an important philanthropic organization; another, an editor on a metropolitan newspaper. Another has scored success with a cafeteria of her own. Any number have made their places as educators in institutions of the highest standing; others are esteemed social workers.

These all arrived as isolated adventurers and hewed their way by dint of their own efforts. A movement entirely different is the current onslaught of the masses, coming generally in groups and pairs and offering, for the most part, nothing in particular. Among them are many with the calibre of that vanguard. They come to New York to express themselves and they stop short of nothing at all. In practically all of the 150 different vocations listed by the American Woman's Association as followed by its New York membership, Southern representatives are cited as apparently permanent factors. The bulk of the influx, however, is more or less transient, sooner or later swarming back again whence it came. Some go painfully enough, having learned that New York requires a definite quality they do not happen to possess, or having realized with chagrin how far short falls the adequate preparation of the home town's point of view in comparison with what others may offer in the most keenly competitive market in the country. Many more go blithely. They came with no illusions, no dreams. Their objective was a fling, and this New York amply supplies.

WHEN the leaves begin to turn in the fall they descend upon the city's multiplying residential hotels and clubs for girls, their compromise with parental authority that advocates some ultra-respectable, if obscure, boarding house or other run by a lady of Southern extraction and Nineteenth Century standards. From there they launch their campaigns upon employment agencies, department stores and offices, seeking most often they know not what, provided only it is the means to stay a while in New York. Presently they drift out into apartments, their own idea of the ultimate in emancipation, creating whole colonies on some streets in keeping with the natural gregariousness born of the front porch habit. And those who are lucky enough to land jobs before their funds run out, or whose funds are ample to admit of pursuing studies alternatively, proceed to plunge into the midst of the whirl that is the metropolis.

They run the gamut until they've had enough. It may be the first wreath of artificial holly hung up

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in a Fifth Avenue store that speaks to them imperatively of the South; it may be the first new blades of Riverside Park grass and a balmy gust of Hudson air. Magnolias will soon be blooming on Carolina lawns and unquestionably it is time for wanderers to go home. Those who turn a deaf ear to such summonses and stick it out through that first summer are more than likely lost to the South, but these are exceptional. The masses trek back whence they came and they return satisfied.

The New York experience has been but an interlude — but multiplied by the thousands who of late have sought it every year, its significance is marked. The very coming of these mild-voiced multitudes from across the Mason and Dixon line and their tarrying, if only for a little while, are signs that the Southern girl — the average — has new aspirations and that somehow or other she has managed to acquire new freedom. A one-time Southern girl whose New York residence had given her some insight into the ways of youthful compatriots in the city commented, "My mother never would have allowed such things." But then would her mother have allowed the flight in the first place, or would it ever have been made unallowed?

Follow the returning hordes back again and the noted signs of change are corroborated by further evidence. On home soil, too, Southern girls are branching out. Here where their mothers, perhaps even their elder sisters, could hear only "ladies do not work, my dear," no obstacle of tradition now proves completely effective. In an Alabama city a woman practises as a children's dentist; in a small town in Mississippi a woman is her husband's law partner. Tennessee has a woman railroad president. A New Orleans girl who had to fight her family for consent to take a stenographic course is now accountant for a large lumber association, a specialist in taxation. A young Virginia woman has built up one of the largest direct mail advertising concerns in the South, of which she is president and treasurer. A Texas miss has gained recognition any man might envy in the insurance business. Women doctors are finding State and city positions in the South; women proprietors of dry goods stores, laundries and cleaning establishments are no longer accidental. The records of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs show that girls Southern-born and Southern-reared are filling all sorts of occupations at home from lineotype operator to chiropractor, from mortician to electrologist. And even if they are not doing things especially unique, they are more than likely holding down jobs of some sort; and that in itself, compared with the none too distant past, is more than a bit out of the ordinary.

WATCH them go their brisk way and wonder, can these be of the same species of femininity as those languishing creatures sentiment has painted with the pastel tints of romance and fondly labelled "Southern girl"?

I can see her well, that now only occasionally surviving Southern girl of yesterday — in her crisp frock and floppy hat. (Were crisp frocks

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and floppy hats always in style when I was a child or did the Southern girl just hold to them regardless?) She was a summer girl, an inveterate visitor. With her trunk and her boxes she came and stayed, and people were glad to have her around, this ornamental flutterer with the winning ways. The sweet-smelling moonlight night was her best milieu, and the throbbing of a guitar. Sometimes she herself strummed it languidly with her leisure-white fingers, lifting what she had of softly modulated voice, and there was summer in her heart. Living to adorn and adorning to live, she asked of life adoration simply, and adoration was what she got, abundantly. She paid for it with sweetness and charm, with glances that spoke volumes more than they meant and patter that kept the pace. Her tactics might alarm young Lochinvars from afar, but the swains of her own locale knew how to take her. They swallowed her line, hook and bait, and danced attendance, and she clung and clung gracefully.

This girl was the creature of her men folk for the most part. Fathers and brothers had definite ideas of what girls should be, and getting ahead in the world for her meant being that as nearly as she could. And so she danced along her butterfly way as pleasingly as she was able until some other male came along to relieve father and brothers of the responsibility. Failing that — for not all Southern girls of the passing school were belles by any means — she settled down to lavish herself on "mamma," a mission to which the left-overs have always shown themselves peculiarly devoted. If, by any chance, circumstances were such that she had to earn a living, so much the worse, for little if at all had that idea ever entered into the calculations of her rearing.

As far back as half a century ago such a thing as a first class school for girls in the South existed, but up until recent years these were exceedingly scarce. In the past it was not unheard of, either, for a girl of the South to be sent as far as necessary, where the best sort of education was available. But such a thing was a rarity and regarded as a risk, liable to tag the girl unenviably, "blue stocking," and so destroy what were considered her best chances (*i.e.*, matrimony). Most people were content to intrust the instruction of their daughters to a little learned maiden aunt or else to send them off to mediocre boarding establishments. Not leading to anything in particular, this matter of girls' education was taken lightly.

Since then the background of the Southern girl has altered vastly. Good schools have multiplied in the South; colleges for women have come to maturity there that rank with the country's best, and the South fairly clamors at their gates. Look over their campuses and what do you see? Not the pedantic type of yore in full possession, but belles such as only a few short years ago would have been home at their age, schooling finished, embellishing the parlor. The South has lost its awe of higher education for its daughters. In consequence the potentialities of their future have greatly broadened. At the same time various influences have been working on fathers and brothers. Perhaps they have wearied of control with the burdens it carries.

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At any rate, they have grown lax. Their natural predilection to indulgence plus the spirit of the age has resulted in girls getting a freer rein. And given their choice, the girls have elected to stand by themselves. Having once begun to get away from the leaning posture, immediately the run of the species started to vault over inhibitions. They have bolted through changes one after another until now the sectional label is scarcely applicable any longer.

Men are important to this girl. Don't believe they are not. But she sees them in a new light and assails them with modernized technique. Her initial concept is of comrades to be interested rather than admirers to be strung, persons with whom she stands on an equal footing instead of gazing down upon from an eminence at one moment and looking up to from the dust at the next. And there are other things in life for her, besides — first of all, her life itself, to be lived as she likes. She wants to rub up against the world and she is doing it, brushing some of the star dust off her wings, to be sure, but developing a go-to-it-iveness that is decidedly in contrast with the Southern girl's former wide-eyed helplessness. Her new vigor inclines even to the hard-boiled; but what of it? She is being herself, she says, no longer conforming slavishly to an outmoded pattern; and self-assured accordingly, does she proceed to heckle tradition and blast custom.

For one thing, society, vocation once preferred of all others in the eyes of the Southern girl, is losing its lure. In a city where social life is formally organized and débuts have long been something of a fetish, I was surprised to learn of the status to which débutantism has fallen. Daughters are still presented there, much as their mothers and grandmothers were before them, but how different are their extra-ballroom hours. Some of last winter's buds were at the same time almost full-blown academic blossoms, sandwiching in parties with lectures and operating simultaneously in the marriage market and college. Others had jobs on the side. Once the gravest thing in life, the "coming out" begins to be regarded as but a playful interval. Domesticity, too, is becoming less adequate. Being a "girl about the house" is a status that no longer attracts; girls prefer finding their niches outside. And such mild adventures as journeying to the springs with "mamma" or doing a periodic season in the local metropolis, even "sponsoring" a reunion of Confederate veterans or dancing at the Mardi Gras, pale utterly before vagabonding to New York in quest of a job.

THE completeness of the severance of the emerging from the vanishing type of Southern girl may bowl over the reflective spectator. Parents particularly are bewildered. In the general jostling that parents everywhere find themselves in for at the hands of modern trends, Southern parents undoubtedly get by far the worst of it. The natural conservatives of a predominantly conservative land, they find it more difficult than most to alter ideas; and particularly hard does it go with them to see changes in their girls, those daughters whose conduct and destiny until just now they were able to

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control with such satisfaction. So amenable was the Southern girl of yesterday to what "mamma" liked and "mamma" thought that "mamma" can scarcely realize daughters may think and act for themselves.

There remain Southern parents who pray fervently for those daughters who have drifted off to New York, pray for them *because* they are in New York, though they may already have been there so long as to give every indication of thorough acclimatization to Sodom and Gomorrah. And wistfully most of them speak of "young life" (meaning beaux, mother's wing, rounds of parties, the "good times" the passing type regarded as a birthright) as dominating their ambition for daughters, however callously indifferent those daughters may appear. Among Southern parents persists, too, a strong feeling that a daughter about the house is a comfortable state of things, to which they feel themselves entitled at least until the offspring are claimed by homes of their own. They even go about with an aggrieved air when the feminine factor of the younger generation sees fit to break, prior to matrimony, with the nest. By what they hear from the world beyond even Southern parents have become somewhat prepared for the upheavals in manners and morals that have come. They are gradually becoming resigned to the fact that times have changed and parents must change with them. But this new feminine independence is too baffling to comprehend.

Yet take her not too seriously, this changing type of Southern girl — you who hanker after the passing image. How much of the fervor for this thing she calls a life of her own is no more than fashion? Fortified about as she has been by potent restraining influences and a certain innate disinclination to hurrying, she has been a bit belated in coming to it; and now that she has got into the full swing of its gait, already rumors are afloat that Miss Modern Young America, grown a bit weary, is beginning to look about for oaks on which to lean.

True, a fond farewell must be bidden to the Southern girl as sentiment has her, who most likely never existed anyway. Her successor will never again be quite the same sweet creature of clinginess and charm that she was. But let the mold not be broken, only laid away, a precious memory, fragrant with cape jasmine and lavender. The new model may yet have use of some part of her. In any event, pedestals still count for something these days, and Southern women of all time have made too good use of theirs for their daughters to kick them over utterly. These may yet discover for themselves that there are more ways of taking the world than by storm or that taking the world perhaps doesn't amount to so much after all. The Southern girl of today in time will settle down into the Southern woman of tomorrow, and the chances are that she will by no means be altogether unrecognizable as the daughter of her mother.

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The Bar and the Bank

By Henry A. Shinn

A viewpoint on the hot dispute over corporate interference in lawyers' privileges

Before the industrial revolution all things were hand-made. The wheelwright built wagons, the blacksmith fashioned tools, and the cabinetmaker turned out furniture. All goods carried an individual stamp. But with the advent of machinery these individual tradesmen became, in the course of time, the servants of large corporations. Sensitive machinery, division of labor, and mass production under corporate management have made the tradesman a mere cog in the great industrial wheel.

In the past decade the industrial revolution, which had its beginning over one hundred years ago, has broadened so as to include new fields. The corner druggist, the grocer, the clothier, and the banker are rapidly becoming employes of large corporations. Corporate management of Main Street is the 1931 counterpart of the industrial revolution. And one of the chief concerns of the legal profession is to what extent this corporate movement will encroach upon the protected privileges of the bar.

Two very recent opinions by courts of the last resort concerning the right of banks, trust companies, and title companies to draw wills, trusts, and other legal papers have added more fuel to this already heated controversy. The Supreme Court of Georgia in a 1931 decision says: "In the light of history of the legislation on this subject, the restrictions upon the right to practise law refer to practice in the courts." And the Court goes on to say that a corporation may "prepare any and all papers in connection with conveyances of real or personal property that it may be requested to prepare by a customer."

The other decision is by the Supreme Court of Idaho, which, in a 1930 case, held: "Where an instrument is to be shaped from a mass of facts and conditions, the legal effect of which must be carefully determined by a mind trained in the existing laws in order to insure a specific result and guard against others, more than the knowledge of the layman is required; and a charge for such services brings it definitely within the term, 'practice of the law.'" Under that definition the Court decided that a trust company which held itself out to draw wills and trust

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agreements was practising law and under the laws of Idaho its acts were in contempt of court. These decisions are at the two extremes, the former holding that one is practising law only when he is in the presence of the court, and the latter holding that the preparation of any legal paper for compensation is within the term and prohibited to all except licensed attorneys.

The Appellate Court of Indiana supports the Idaho decision in defining "practice of the law" to "include legal advice and counsel, and the preparation of legal instruments and contracts by which legal rights are secured although such matter may or may not be pending in a court." The Appellate division of the Supreme Court of New York followed the Indiana case in holding that practising law is not confined to performing services in actions or proceedings in courts of justice, but also includes the drafting and supervising the execution of wills. The State of Missouri by statute has given the term its broad meaning so that in that State the drawing of a will or any other legal document would likely be held to be practising law.

For the past ten years or more increasing lay encroachment has been the lawyer's nightmare, galloping away with his fees. And yet the bar, active in many States in its struggle against so-called unlawful practice, has been successful in throwing off this nightmare in only a few of them. One State bar president, Charles A. Beardsley of Oakland, California, in explaining to his associates why one could not be successful in curbing lay encroachment, said: "I have yet to find a district attorney who thinks he could get a jury of twelve laymen to convict another layman of a misdemeanor because he does the things of which we complain. I first tried the district attorneys in the larger cities. They thought it could not be done in the larger cities, but said that perhaps it could be done in the country towns. So I tried in the country towns, but with no better success. The last one I talked to was up in Del Norte County. There were six attorneys in the county and three of them were running for district attorney. I asked the district attorney if he thought he could get a jury of twelve laymen to convict a real estate broker who drew a deed or a chattel mortgage. He replied that he knew that he could not and that he certainly was not going to try while he was running for office." The struggle is beyond the contestants; it is up to the people. The bar and the bank are the people's servants, and it is indeed the public who must be the final arbiter.

It is readily admitted that the privilege to practise law is an individual right and for that reason can not well be performed by corporations. As an officer of the court, the lawyer is individually liable for any contempt of court, is individually responsible for the high privilege which the State has reposed in him, and is, above all, individually responsible for the high moral character which fits him to be an officer of the court. It is submitted that these individual responsibilities can not be shifted, that a corporation can not stand before the court and

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assume the privileges and duties of an attorney. That is the gravamen of the opinion of the New York Court when it held that "the right to practise law is in the nature of a franchise from the State conferred only for merit. It can not be assigned or inherited. . . . No one can practise law unless he has taken an oath of office and has become an officer of the court, subject to its discipline, liable to punishment for contempt in violating his duties as such and to suspension or removal."

The conflict between the bar and the bank is one of definition. What does the term "practice of the law" include and exclude? Expand the meaning of the term, as the Idaho Court did, and there is lay encroachment; contract it, as did the Georgia Court, and there is none. Is it to the advantage of society to curb lay encroachment or to extend it? This is the day of competitive service. The public demands it, and, if the trust companies can render a particular legal service better than any one else can render it, the courts must in the end so define the term that that privilege will not be denied the corporate servant. The survival of the fittest operates in the laws of business as it does in the laws of nature. Let the bank or the bar render a service, lay or legal, better than any one else, and the public will declare it the victor. In the end the public will bestow its favors upon that agency which serves it best.

The privilege of practising law is not irrevocable. The growth of title companies, industrial commissions, and arbitration boards is evidence of the public's dissatisfaction with the service rendered by the bar and the bench. State legislatures, hearing the demand of labor for justice and compensation at less expense and delay, created industrial commissions to hear the layman's complaint. Many State legislatures are now considering the creation of automobile accident commissions whose work would relieve the lawyer of a large percentage of negligence cases. Since many lay encroachments have been legalized, may not others be? The public is coming to think that justice, like food and raiment, should be purchased in that market which gives the best service at the least expense.

Inasmuch as the bar is leveling its guns more directly at banks and trust companies than at any other of the lay encroachments, let us consider their case more in particular. What does "the man from Nebraska" or the resident of Main Street think of the services rendered by these two public servants? Is he interested in granting special privileges to either the bank or the bar? In considering these questions, let us examine the functions of a modern trust company.

No one who has an estate, large or small, can escape the executor or administrator any more than he can the undertaker; neither can one spend a lifetime building up an estate without concern as to the manner of its administration. In a nation-wide survey conducted by the American Bankers' Association it was learned that 29,814 persons in 1927 appointed in their wills banks and trust companies to act as the executors or trustees of their estates. This number grew to 44,375 in 1928 and jumped to 60,000 in 1929. While the cor-

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porate executorship idea is spreading by an almost geometric ratio, its growth is not in numbers only. In 1929 banks and trust companies were named executors or trustees in over one thousand estates, each of which amounted to a million dollars or more. When we consider that this billion dollar trust business is yet in its infancy and that its room for expansion is practically unlimited, since about every twenty-seven years the wealth of the nation passes through the hands of administrators or executors, we can by stretching our imagination to the *n*th degree comprehend the importance of this struggle between the bar and the bank. But before going further in this discussion, let us consider the position of the trust company as a corporate executor or trustee.

A TRUST company occupies a unique position. In its close association with the commercial department of the bank, it stands at the gate where the commerce of the world must pass, ready to give aid to those who need its services. There are no barriers before its doors, such as the austerity of a lawyer's office or the fear that each word of advice may be accompanied by a fee. It never dies, goes abroad, retires, or becomes incapacitated, but is ever ready at any moment to assume the duties of the executor or trustee. Its investments are guarded by State laws, scrutinized by State examiners, and protected by bonds held by the State. Men who have seen the savings of others lost through the bad faith or poor management of relatives, friends, or devisees hail the trust company as a guardian angel to protect their families from a similar fate.

The administration of an estate is no longer a side line but the work of a specialist. The inheritance tax laws, the income tax laws, and the Federal estates tax have all tended to complicate the accounting as well as the legal work of the executor. Whether "rights" issued on stock are income or principal and what distribution as between the life tenant and the remainderman should be made of stock dividends are perplexing problems which require special study. Consider the following case in which a trust fund of one hundred shares of X Company common stock was created for a mother and her son. The mother was to receive the income during her life and upon her death the remainder was to go to the son. Rights were declared, giving the holder of each ten shares an additional share at twenty points below market. The trustee sold fifty of the rights and exercised the other fifty in purchasing five shares of stock. What accounting should be made as between the two estates? Later the company issued a one hundred per cent stock dividend. Should this dividend be given to the mother or held in the corpus of the trust for the son? And are these rights and stock dividends subject to the income tax? The law and the accounting of such problems and many others are constantly before the modern trust company. Their officers have become specialists in doing this particular kind of work.

The investment of the assets of an estate involves many factors, such as the amount of the estate, its present condition, the income

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needed to care for the life tenant, long or short time investments as related to the time for the final distribution of the estate, and the economic condition of the country. Such a study can be made only by a group of specialists. It is in the trust company that accountant, economist, lawyer, and business administrator come together to discuss the investments that should be made for the estate. In this manner the relatively small, as well as the large, estate may receive the same consideration and advantages as large corporations enjoy through their highly specialized executives. The public is turning to the corporate executor for the same reasons that have turned it to the corporate management of capital and big business.

On account of these many advantages, corporate trustees and executors have enjoyed a phenomenal growth, which has excited the attention and, in many States, the opposition of the bar, whose members contend that this unusual expansion of trust companies represents a corresponding loss to the legal profession. Such reasoning is based upon the assumption that every one's gain is another's loss. A close analysis, however, will show that trust companies are partners, not competitors, of the bar; that they are stimulating new business, not stealing it; and that, paradoxical as it may sound, a victory for the bar in this struggle would be its own defeat. Primarily, the interests of the banks and the bar in this matter are the same. Both wish to erase intestacy. It is to the common advantage of banks and bar that wills be drawn, so that the one may act as executor and the other as attorney in the administration of estates. In many States the fee is the same for either service, and neither can collect double fees for performing both services. Consequently, the executor, whether corporate or individual, secures an attorney to represent him in court. Hence, every probated will is to the bar what grist is to the miller.

In this common adventure the trust company is the business-getter for both bar and bank. Through the many contacts which the bank has with the public and through national advertising, the public has become aware of the necessity of making a will, so that testacy is the rule, not the exception. While the bar will admit that its members are drawing more wills than ever before, yet complaint is made that some of this business is going to the trust companies that stimulated it. Even though the layman may see no wrong in the trust company's reaping a part of its own harvest, nevertheless, some members of the bar maintain advisedly that neither the trust company's attorney nor the "friendly" attorney, to whom they regularly send their customers, can be a disinterested adviser to the will-maker. This is the contention made by the Honorable George A. Slater in the July issue of the *American Bar Association Journal* in which he says: "Is not the lawyer's allegiance a divided one? Does he not undertake an impossible task when he attempts to represent and advise the will-maker? No man can serve two masters. If the lawyer owes any

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duty to the bank, how can he impartially serve the bank's customer as his lawyer?"

No member of the bar will question that the undivided allegiance of the attorney to his client is one of the cardinal principles in the lawyer's code of ethics. He can not serve two masters. Neither can a trust company recommend itself as an executor or trustee and at the same time disinterestedly draw the instrument which appoints it to that office. Some corporate executors may honestly advise their clients, as many of them do, but can this be done disinterestedly? Without attempting to defend trust companies that draw wills for their customers or employ outside attorneys to do it, it may be suggested that the bar should consider carefully both edges of this undivided allegiance sword which it holds over corporate executors. The ethical argument is just as potent when applied to individuals as when applied to trust companies. Is it the custom of lawyers, the layman may ask, to send a will-maker away when he reveals that he wishes his attorney to act as his executor or trustee? Furthermore, may not the attorney, as well as the trust company, suggest this idea with an interest just as large and certainly more direct? In such a situation which, until the recent advent of the corporate executor, has been the rule rather than the exception, is not the attorney serving the same two masters which have divided the allegiance of the trust company or its employed attorney? Can the bar successfully condemn in another that which it condones in itself and freely practises? If the bar were to make the divided allegiance argument its main issue in curbing the unlawful practice of some trust companies, the layman might well ask us to remove the beam from our own eye.

HONEST, efficient service to the public is the ultimate issue in this struggle between the bar and the bank. If the code of ethics of corporate executors and their methods of serving the public prove to be higher and more efficient than those of the bar, trust companies will grow and flourish. The attorney has only a revocable privilege, not a vested right. Through its several State legislatures and courts, the public may guard and protect this privilege from lay encroachment as it has in Idaho and a few other States, or it may revoke it in part as it has in many States where insurance commissions, workmen's compensation boards, and other agencies of the State have shorn the attorney of much of his licensed privileges.

"If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted?", is just as potent and timely a question to the bar as it was to Cain. The bar should cut through red tape and legal forms to a practice more in keeping with modern business methods. Can the bar be heard in its cry against lay encroachment so long as its own efforts are encumbered by precedent and machinery centuries old? If any great barrister of two centuries ago were to awaken in a modern courtroom, he could address the judge and proceed with the trial. Could a Rip Van Winkle in any other profession or business do as well? Lethargy, not encroachment, is the bar's problem; reform, not opposition, its solution.

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Tennis—a Voice from the Past

By Harald S. Mahony

Just prior to his tragic death in 1905, Harald S. Mahony, who had won the Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon in 1896, was asked by *Field* of London to answer some criticism of the English game. The original incomplete manuscript was handed to the Editor during his recent visit to Ireland, and because of the international character of tennis and its wide appeal as a sport, he presents it as a tribute to some of the former giants of the game, who were troubled by the American invasion with its "slogging"!

In his article on "English Grip" Mr. Vaile seeks to explain the paucity of strokes in English lawn tennis as being due to a faulty method of holding the racket. He also cites Messrs. Doherty as users of this bad grip and consequently possessing but few strokes. Barring the few base line players who use nothing but the forehand drive there is no paucity of strokes in English lawn tennis, neither is there any "fixed grip" invented or adopted by the Dohertys. Every good player changes his hold of the racket for each more or less separate stroke, even in playing different forms of the same stroke. Messrs. Doherty, who differ decidedly in their methods of grasping their rackets, are in my opinion possessed of more variety of strokes and greater resource than any players I have ever met, save possibly Messrs. Pim, Baddeley and Lewis.

But Mr. Vaile would seem to think that Messrs. Doherty play a soft game and content themselves with merely returning the ball over the net. It is almost inconceivable how any one can labor under such a delusion, unless the easy effortless style of the Brothers impresses the onlooker that there is no pace on the ball. As a matter of fact there are no two more attacking players existing. But to return to the grip, great emphasis is laid upon the advantages of keeping the forearm and racket in one straight line in a horizontal plane and the disadvantages of keeping the head of the racket up. If instead of the human hand we were provided with the joint of a fishing rod at the extremity of the forearm, no doubt this might be the natural and best grip, but not being so provided this method is cramped and unnatural. I can not call to mind any great player who uses it, yet whether these methods are used is not of very great importance, provided the

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racket and forearm are in line in the vertical plane at the moment of striking the ball; otherwise the hand comes through before the racket or the head of the racket comes through before the hand. Mr. Vaile seems to have overlooked the whole crux of the question, i.e. whether, to use tennis phraseology, it is best to play with an open or closed racket. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain that playing with an open racket means grasping it in such a way that the face is laid back like a lofted golf club; the closed racket being, of course, laid forward with the face pointing more or less toward the ground, the former tending to impart "cut," the latter "rolling spin." I think there can be little doubt that Mr. Baddeley is right when he advocates the intermediate position, the head of the racket being always held, if possible, above the wrist. This insures a large margin of safety, and though the ball be not perfectly timed or accurately struck, yet it will often still clear the net. This is where Mr. Vaile's concept of a lawn tennis stroke and mine are at variance, his chief desideratum, in common with most critics of the present day, would seem to be pace, or indeed violence.

If a ball be perfectly timed and struck in the center of the racket, it may be played in any style under the sun. This is the reason why one sees so many strokes score and be called "brilliant" by the critics, though played in a style that makes one shudder even to think of. But this perfect timing can not be depended on and the penalty of a very low margin of safety will have to be paid in the shape of a large number of unnecessary mistakes. Why should accuracy be described as "mere accuracy," as the modern game has reached such a pitch of violence that mistakes are the rule rather than the exception? Mr. Vaile would seem to think that accuracy meant simply returning the ball over the net indefinitely; such a game could only spell instant disaster against even a tolerable volleyer. He also talks of the modern "safe game." I have seen no such safety; if I were asked the drift of modern lawn tennis I should say it lay in the direction of wild slogging, and as it is impracticable to do so on the back hand, the votaries of this method rush wildly round the ball in the vain hope of becoming an S. H. Smith.

Mr. Vaile's next point is of great interest as his criticism is very similar to Dr. Dwight's, when commenting on Dr. Eaves' volleying in America. They say that English players volley too far from the net and are unable to "kill." I suppose every tyro knows that the nearer he is to the net the easier it is to volley, for even if the ball be struck with the wood or handle, a "kill" will probably result. Against rough, clumsy players, such a form of attack is most effective, especially if combined with the centre theory, but when a finished player is the antagonist such tactics only court disaster, as it is easy to lob the ball just clear of the volleyer's racket onto the base line. I know from experience that one can judge after a time how "close in" it is safe to venture against each individual player, some of them seeming to neglect the lob altogether, others always on the watch for that fatal step too near the net. This distance

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will naturally vary according to the player's reach, quickness and excellence in the overhead stroke. Eaves' overhead stroke, being weaker in proportion to the rest of his game, induced him, quite correctly, to volley rather far from the net. From this position he could "kill" as well as any player closer in and ran no risk of being lobbed, whilst Wrenn, who was much quicker at getting back, was able to volley closer in. Each player would then seem to have his own position in the court for volleying which best suits his style of game and no fixed rule can be laid down on the subject. It might be well to ask, where are the superiors of the Dohertys? H. L.'s win of the American championship, without the loss of a set, and the brothers' easy retention of the doubles would hardly seem to indicate that they are in America.

As this is a vexed question, perhaps a clear statement of three general principles, which do not admit of question, might not be out of place:

(1) The worse the volleyer the closer he must be to the net.

(2) It is a great advantage for even a good volleyer to be "chock in," always provided he does not get lobbed, as this means a strong attack, converted into an almost hopeless defense.

(3) To be able to "kill" from "far out" is of enormous advantage but is very difficult; yet W. Renshaw Lewis used to win the point outright, time after time, volleying from two to three yards behind the service line. This was not because this was considered the best position from which to volley, but because it was impossible to get closer in, the alternatives being a half volley or ground stroke. Since that time Eaves has used this method of pressing home the attack with great skill, and the Dohertys are also masters of this stroke. Hence the criticism that, especially in doubles, they "volley up." Less skillful players would, in a similar position, have to play a ground stroke or resort to persistent lobbing in the American style, both alternatives yielding a less efficient and less artistic game.

In conclusion, Mr. Vaile says there are few promising "colts" coming on at the game. This is quite true, but the reason he assigns is absurd. It is not due to any methods of play or grip but to the unreasonable and unsportsmanlike attitude of the public schools, who not only provide no coaches for the game but actually forbid it altogether. If there was a good coach such as Burke or Hirons at some of the public schools there would be no lack of young players, but the bugbear that the cricket fetish might be slighted effectually prevents this.

In strong contrast to this intolerant attitude is the action of the American schools, with their Interscholastic Championship attracting much interest and attention.

This year we have been challenged for the "blue ribbon" of lawn tennis by America, Australia, France, Belgium and Austria. Surely no such international competition has ever been held before at any sport. At present I have little doubt that we shall hold our own, but when the present generation of players retires there will be lawn tennis "ashes."

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Immorality and the Future for Farmers

By Ralph Aiken

Agricultural progress may free us from organized virtue

This morning 450 people left their farms and moved into the cities. Every morning, including Sunday, about 100 families pack up their goods, leave their mortgages unpaid and their taxes in arrears, perhaps, and come to town. In 1930 the farm population diminished by 151,000.

Why do they do it? Aren't things bad enough already in the cities? Aren't there enough unemployed looking for jobs or idling about city streets without adding farmers to their number? Does the city, in spite of hard times, still lure country people with a promise of ease and excitement?

It is not likely and yet something lures them. Look at the farm population movement in the past five years: in 1926 the cities gained 1,020,000; in 1927, 604,000; in 1928, 598,000; in 1929, 619,000, and in 1930, 151,000. There has been a drop recently because of the depression, but even today, when things are worse in industry than for many a year, men continue to move from agriculture to the shaky shelter of industrialism.

The move continues because many farmers seemingly find it impossible to make a living on their farms. And they are smart enough to know that in the big cities life, though precarious, is still possible.

For one thing, there is always food in the city. At times there is no food in the country right where food is produced. A man can't eat wheat or cotton or barley as it comes from the earth and he faces want when he can get no prices for his crops. The modern farmer's food supply comes largely from the country store and the storekeeper has to be paid, ultimately, in cash.

But in the cities there is no question of food shortage. In the vegetable stores, in the groceries, at the butchers', food is cheaper than in many years and prices could not be so low if there was not an ample supply of provisions on hand. With bottled milk at nine cents a quart in Southern and Western towns and eggs at eighteen cents a dozen, the supply must indeed be abundant.

The country districts, like the rest of the world, seem to be suffering

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from the Twentieth Century malady: too much progress. Men know so much about selection, cultivation, and soil fertilization that a dozen things will grow now where one grew before. That is why one man in the year 1931 will raise as much farm produce as five men did in the year 1831, and that is why the cities are overfed, the farmer underpaid, and labor must leave the country for the town even in hard times.

But this progress in agriculture, if it is progress, is recent. As late as 1800 the only actual machines on the farm were the plow, the harrow, and the wagon. A few tools such as hoes, rakes, and scythes were ready for hand use, but those were all. The hay was cut with a scythe, raked into cocks by hand, tossed on a wagon by hand, hauled into the barn by horses, and pitched into the mow by hand. Then in the Thirties a machine was invented to cut grass — a mowing machine. And from that time onward mechanical invention has been busy lessening labor and increasing production.

How they take it easy today! The mowing machine, drawn by horses, cuts the grass; a horsedrawn rake collects it into rows; a mechanical loader picks up the hay from the ground and piles it on the wagon. When the load reaches the barn a mechanical fork takes up great batches of hay and a tractor supplies the power to lift it and spread it in the mow. The only human labor needed is in driving the horses and forking the hay evenly on the wagon as it comes from the loader.

No wonder that in 1831 a man should be needed for every twenty acres of dairy farm while in 1931 two men, with a helper for six weeks in midsummer, manage to operate two hundred. The number of men needed to produce milk has been reduced from about five per hundred acres to 1.065 per hundred acres.

From the three agricultural machines of 1800 we have grown to the use of some three hundred today. A list of these implements gives 290 different and distinct pieces of agricultural machinery and the list is not complete. There seems to be no sort of farm work which has not had a machine invented to lighten it, removing the human element and increasing efficiency. From stump-pullers for new-cleared land to "combines" that cut, thresh, and sack the wheat all at one time, all sorts and varieties of devices are at the command of the modern farmer.

Indeed, the farmer today needs to be almost as much a mechanic as he is an agriculturist and the farm machine shop is far more important than the harness room used to be. And yet the application of scientific knowledge and engineering to farming is just beginning. Farm machinery has until recently done little more than handle the products of Nature. Take hay, again, for instance. Although it is handled mechanically from field to bale, the sun is still largely depended upon for drying it out, for changing the cut grass into hay.

But not on all farms. There is now in use a grass dehydrator or haymaker. It is a long tunnel with drying heat maintained inside, into one end of which the green grass is thrown and slowly conveyed to the other, where it comes out hay. No dependence on the sun, no fear of wet

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weather, no possible loss of an important crop. Even in the rain hay can be cut and manufactured.

This is only one step, but it is a serious one. Little by little men are taking up the slack in Nature's manufacturing. They have done much already in some lines as, for instance, with chickens. Egg production can be operated on a factory schedule with things running as smoothly as in a Ford assembly plant. In a modern poultry establishment neither sunlight nor green fields are necessary for the healthy growth of chickens or their rapid production of eggs. The chicks are baked out of their shells by electricity, mothered by warm electric units, fed vitamins through cod liver oil in the place of sunlight and green grass, and generally prepared for market by mechanical methods. They never run outdoors.

When the young hens commence to lay they are pushed to the limit by special feeding and exercise, and an egg a day from every hen is almost a requirement for months at a time. The chickens clucking around the door, fed from kitchen slops, have no place in the modern egg factory. Results only are wanted and scientific methods bring results, boost production, kill chance and save labor.

But even more far-reaching changes are due in general farming. The plant physiology department of the University of California has found it possible to discard soil as a bed for raising crops. Water may be used instead and the results are far more uniform and reliable with bumper crops the rule.

The necessary elements of plant food are dissolved in shallow tanks of water wherein the plants are suspended. Drought then becomes a matter of no moment as a small well will supply water for ten acres of cheap concrete tanks.

The plants, with roots in the water, secure food in abundance without interference from weeds or weather, and they produce enormously. Cotton, rice, and wheat yield twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent increase over the normal for earth-grown, unfed plants. Tomatoes yield forty per cent more than usual. Beets and carrots are ready for harvest twenty to thirty days sooner than is ordinary. The whole process tends to increase production, shorten the time of harvest, and turn out a superior quality of produce.

THIS is a revolutionary interference with Nature's haphazard methods and the results must be happy in almost every respect. We get more food, better food and cheaper food. The toil of plowing and cultivating disappears. The broad acres shrink to concrete tankage.

But something else disappears, too: namely, the old-fashioned farm and the farm laborer. Every time an easier way to do a thing is discovered some man drops out. With every advancing step in the application of invention and discovery to the farm some hundreds of acres are abandoned. Machinery and scientific knowledge have been used more than ever since 1920 and the exodus of human beings from country to city has been continuous. In the midst of plentiful production, with farming becoming more and more of a sure thing, the actual farmer is being

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slowly starved out. As an agriculturist he disappears; as a plant physiologist he may, in small numbers, survive.

He has shifted over from scarcity of production and abundance of laborious toil to abundance of production and scarcity of laborious toil. He has changed his rather dreary life of hard work into a mechanized round of successful accomplishment. With his machines he is doing better work now than ever before and producing better food, more food and — unfortunately — cheaper food than ever before.

That's where the rub comes in — the farmer is not getting paid for his progress. He has progressed perhaps more in the past twenty years than in the whole history of agriculture, but he has not prospered according to his deserts. If he buys a new machine that enables him to raise more wheat, the price of wheat goes down. If he finds a way of cultivating forty acres of corn in one day with one man, when he ordinarily cultivated ten, the price of corn goes down. All along the line increased production and better production merely results in a slackening of demand.

A carload of wheat comes into Salina, Kansas, and a truckload of it sells for the price of a pair of shoes. When wheat falls to twenty-five cents a bushel, as it did in July, the grain is practically worthless; $1.90 is not an exceptionally high price for wheat, but when it comes to exchanging a bushel for three loaves of bread, the exchange is a disastrous one from the farmer's viewpoint.

The farmer can not be blamed for feeling that something is wrong somewhere. If there is no return for growing things, why grow them? Work without reward is the most fruitless thing in the world and the farmer is not equipped to find an æsthetic pleasure in his production. Cabbages may be beautiful, as Edna Ferber assures us, but at a dollar a wagon load they are the ugliest, bitterest things that ever came out of the ground.

In a large sense the farm problem seems to be merely a problem of changing vocation. Farmers must seek out other trades. New inventions in farm machinery are certain to continue; new ways of increasing crops are sure to be worked out. Production of food stuffs remaining the same, the farm population must continue, with much complaint and misery, to decrease. The farmer has been without a problem on his hands — he has been making money — only when there was a shortage of food due to the weather, or when he was having his entire production taken up at a good price because he was feeding most of the world, as during the recent European War. In normal times the farm problem remains constant, and it is exceedingly doubtful how it will be solved. The present method consists in waiting for the people engaged in farming to have done with it and try something else — a painful method, yet on the whole a sure one.

But where is this shift in occupation leading us? Even the hardship of vocational change for many individuals can be overlooked if it is to work out well in the end. But will it work out well for the 27,000,000 of farm population? And will it work out well for the country?

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Considering the advance made in agricultural art in the past fifty years, there is every reason to believe that further developments will be steadily manifest. In time farmers may be able to live in modern city apartments, control the early and late operations of their livestock and chickens from long distance and drive out merely to set their machines in motion and attend to their maintenance and repair. A field would be plowed without the presence of a plowman, manure spread, seed sown, and crops cultivated and harvested without a farm hand being on the job. The question in the future may be not how many acres a man can farm but how many acres a mechanic can attend to.

However, such a highly comfortable mechanization of farming has certain obstacles to its easy progress. If under ideal mechanical conditions one farmer becomes able to do the work of many at present employed, a great part of the 27,000,000 farm population will find themselves quite unnecessary except as consumers of farm products.

But neither will their consuming ability be permitted to display itself unless they may make some return for the things they wish to consume. In that case, unable to work and unable to eat and quite unable to squeeze all of their number into city bread lines, a great many may take to growing a few potatoes for themselves alone to eat, raising a few sheep for themselves alone to shear, and living by and large in defiance of modern progress, ease from toil, and coöperation.

An experienced farmer can raise almost everything he needs if he is pushed to it. He can plant a proper amount of garden truck and preserve a sufficient amount of fruit and raise just enough corn and wheat and limit his cows to one or two for his family and so remain alive. He can even take to home spinning and weaving if he has to. If world bankruptcy dislocates his markets beyond repair, he may very well adopt such a plan of salvation all at once. Or if his markets are destroyed gradually by scientific super-production, he may from one unrewarded harvest to another slowly shrink his efforts to the needs of his own household.

Such a rank retrogression on the part of the farmer can be accomplished only in desperation. Much depends on how far the machine will push him, on how far scientific farming will displace his labor, and how far he may have to go without governmental assistance in some form of subsidy. If the Government will arrange things so that people may live and consume without making a return for the privilege, there will be no need for the displaced farmer to think of setting out like Adam from paradise to wring a reluctant living from the soil.

But no one has yet figured out a way of giving something for nothing to the satisfaction of all concerned. If farmers occupy any land, they must be driven to use it for their own support. And if they take to supporting themselves alone, their standards of living must inevitably fall. Men will make a long struggle before they give up automobiles and radios and electric power and the other advantages that have made farm life almost as pleasant as life in a city. Still — of the 27,000,000 farmers and their

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families at the present moment actively tilling the soil, about half have none of these advantages, and these poorer farmers would make a shorter struggle against the interlaced existence of today.

To bring such a result to pass only the most dire economic conditions will serve, but what proof have we that such dire conditions are not approaching? The present tendency is to make production easier and easier in all lines of work, but the products are not therefore made easier to obtain. No matter how readily the farmer may plant and reap forty acres of wheat when a hundred years ago he handled one, he can not give the grain to people unless they give him other necessities in return.

Before the end of the Twentieth Century it is possible that we may see a reversion on the part of many millions of people to the sort of life lived two hundred years ago and still lived in isolated regions of North Carolina and Kentucky — a life of complete independence of the rest of the world. It would hardly be a happy occurrence. The Kentucky mountaineer is not a fortunate figure and if a great part of the country lapsed into his condition of mere persistent existence, the change that would come over American life would be drastic.

The incredible solution of the whole problem of modern farm production seems to be less physical work for everybody. Scientific progress has decreed it and the whole world baulks at it. Farmers have always had to work hard for a living and they wish to keep on working. They are loath to believe that machines can do it for them. Indeed, our economic structure requires that one man work steadily all day with his tractors and reapers and two men do nothing instead of permitting the three to share their labor and machine management between them.

WHETHER an equable distribution of labor can be accomplished gradually and peacefully or whether it will never be accomplished, remains to be seen. But the steady decrease of farm population, while it has yet effected no marked change in the economic condition of the country, seems to be assisting in a very curious alteration of what one might call the morals of the nation. The change is going on at the present time and is not difficult to observe.

Many of our customs and many of our laws have been originated to meet the needs and desires of a farm-minded populace. Not until 1920 did the United States change from a country whose citizens were mostly rural to a nation with a majority of town dwellers. And all the long years from 1776 to 1920 and, indeed, even until today the voice of the farmer has been loud in the land.

Whether it has been a voice for good or for bad is a matter of debate, but the farming population undoubtedly tends to preserve certain qualities of no mean value, although city people often deride them. A farmer, for instance, has to have a home and children to help him and the result has been that the domestic morals under which large families thrive are most rigorously upheld in agricultural districts. Perhaps for this reason, too, religion counts for more in the country than in the city.

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Whatever the economic roots of these ethical tendencies, it is fairly evident that the rural population approves and upholds restrictive measures that are looked upon lightly in the cities.

Just as broad-mindedness in the body of the populace leads to easy-going laws, so narrow-mindedness, if the possession of a rigorous set of eminently practical morals can be so called, leads to the enforcement of legal restraint upon those who are considered weak or immoral. America has had a number of tabus wished upon it by its farmers. They are most of them in harmony with the farmer's moral code and are the result of pursuing socially stabilizing tendencies to a natural conclusion.

If our farmers did not feel themselves responsible for the moral welfare of the nation we would be minus several features of present day life. It is unlikely that we would still have severe Sunday laws. It is most certain that we would not have a prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages. It is certain that laws against divorce, against gambling, against aliens, against Communists or other querulous political types, could not come readily into being or be maintained without the support of agricultural communities. Not that the farmer is backward — it is doubtful if such a forward issue as woman's suffrage could have been adopted without his help — but on all questions involving a moral point the tendency of the farmer is restrictive.

If the power of the agricultural vote is waning, and if the farm population continues to decline, which must be, we may in the future look for a change in the attitude of the Federal Government on these moral issues. There may come a time some day when the inhabitants of cities will sufficiently outnumber the country dwellers to nullify all acts that cities find it difficult to stomach. A day and a year may arrive when the citizen, long used to living in a wide-open town, or a town as open as it may be pried against Federal decree, will declare for a wide-open nation and spill our old ideals overboard.

Even today, without a control of Congress, the cities have fostered a steadily growing freedom in all matters of morals and manners and, as the farm population dwindles, this freedom will become not only practical but legal.

Whether we would lose or gain by the change is a matter of personal opinion. That we would have a different world is a matter of fact and there is the possibility that it would be a world in which license (or freedom, choose your own term) would be accepted as the right of a broad and happy life.

These moral changes may have an astonishing effect upon American life within a few decades. Combined with the economic changes that are approaching, we may live to look upon a rural world either retrogressive in economic despair or more easy-going, zestful and daring than our ancestors would ever have thought the Deity could permit.

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How Pay the Doctor?

By R. L. Duffus

The average man's heavy share of our three billion dollar medical bill can be, and in some places has been, lightened

Compared with what it might be if all that is now known about medicine were applied to all those who are physically below par, the United States is a sick nation. The fact that it is not as sick as it was a hundred, fifty or even twenty-five years ago is beside the point. It is sicker than it need be. It is sicker than any civilized nation on the threshold of the year 1932 has any right to be.

The statistical evidence to prove this statement is not lacking, for a number of studies of illness have been made, and these have been gathered, analyzed and added to in recent publications of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. The average American, it appears, suffers from a disabling illness at least once every year. The average woman is sick nearly twice a year, the average school child more than twice a year. The adult male worker loses seven or eight days each year from his job because of illness, the adult woman worker from eight to twelve days. "In general therefore," to quote from one of the Committee's reports, "the above data indicate that the 36,000,000 wage earners in the United States lose at least 250,000,000 work days per year and the 24,000,000 school children lose 170,000,000 days per school year."

How much of this illness is preventable and what is being done to prevent it? The first part of this question is difficult to answer statistically. The mere occurrence of such diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria and hookworm disease is, of course, proof of a failure of our medical organization. Yet, as nearly as can be estimated, there are, on the average, about 50,000 cases of typhoid in the United States every year and nearly 350,000 cases of diphtheria, and hookworm disease, many years after sure means of preventing it were known, is endemic in large portions of the South. Experience has shown that the incidence of tuberculosis can be greatly reduced if proper precautionary measures are taken, and there is pretty general agreement that regular physical examinations will reduce morbidity and mortality from nearly all diseases, including heart disease and cancer. Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow, Professor of Public Health at the Yale School of Medicine, has estimated

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that the rural health demonstration put on with the aid of the Milbank Memorial Fund in Cattaraugus County, New York, has brought about "an annual saving of five lives by reduction in diphtheria, of fourteen lives by reduction in tuberculosis and of twenty lives by reduction in infant mortality." Apply these figures to the whole rural area of the United States and the possibilities of medicine will be manifest. If Cattaraugus County is typical of rural America as a whole, there is a possible annual saving of 26,000 lives now lost from the three causes mentioned alone.

If we turn to the facilities we now possess for preventing and treating illness, we find them imposing enough in the aggregate. More than one out of every hundred Americans is now engaged, effectively or otherwise, in the warfare against disease. We have about 143,000 physicians, 67,000 dentists, 200,000 trained nurses, more than 150,000 practical nurses, 550,000 persons working in hospitals, 100,000 pharmacists, and 11,500 employes of public health departments. We pay about $3,000,000,000 a year for all varieties of medical care, and we have about the same amount invested in hospitals with a total capacity of about 850,000 beds. But our medical facilities are very unevenly distributed. For instance, the South and South Atlantic states have but one hospital bed for each 539 of population, whereas the North and North Atlantic states have one bed for each 245 persons and the Far Western states one bed for each 232 persons. Both hospitals and physicians tend to crowd into the wealthier and more thickly settled districts. In 1927 there were 126 physicians for each 100,000 of population in the whole country, but the ratio ranged from 71 per 100,000 in Montana to 200 in California and 342 in the District of Columbia. There is an unmistakable tendency for the physician to drift away from the country town, and a failure on the part of younger men to replace the general practitioner in the rural districts when the latter dies, retires or moves away. Many a rural community has poorer medical facilities today than it had a generation ago.

THE same thing can not be said of the cities. There has been a decline, indeed, even in cities in the proportion of doctors to population. But this decline, it seems certain, has been more than compensated for by the increased efficiency of the individual physician, and by the development of laboratories, clinics and hospitals. The city dweller can now obtain excellent medical care if he can pay for it or if he is willing to take the pauper's oath and accept charity. But the financial problem is the nub of the whole matter, both in city and country. Any rural district could have adequate medical facilities if it were able to pay the market price for them, just as can any urban district. But the market price, as medical practice is now organized, is, from the patient's point of view, high. Medical costs the country over are, on the average, about twenty-five dollars per person per annum. Presumably the mythical average man can pay this much, since he actually does pay it. But the average man is as imaginary as the Golden Age. Actual records, selected

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at random from families the country over, show a range of payments for medical care from a few dollars in a given year to more than $2,000. In one of the latter instances the medical charges were nearly fifty per cent of the family income.

No one, rich or poor, is exempt from the possibility of serious illness. The rich, presumably, can face this possibility — financially, at least — with perfect composure. To perhaps ninety per cent of the population, however, illness may mean not only pain and sorrow but also financial distress. One run of sickness may wipe out the savings of a lifetime, permanently reduce the family standard of living and spoil the prospects of the growing boys and girls. The actual costs of medical care are not the whole of the loss, for the stoppage of earning power has also to be considered. But medical costs do ordinarily have to be paid at the very time when the patient or his family can least afford to pay them.

Must we infer that these costs are excessive and that the remedy lies in putting a stop to medical over-charging? That such over-charging occurs can not be denied, doctors being almost as human as the rest of us. But there is conclusive statistical evidence that neither doctors nor hospitals are, on the whole, profiteering institutions. A physician is the product of an expenditure of thousands of dollars and at least eight years of higher education. He must provide himself with an expensive equipment and perhaps for several years earn less than the amount it costs him to live. He must be a selected man, above the average in intelligence. Yet his average earnings are low compared with earnings in business or in some of the other professions. In Philadelphia, according to a report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, the median net income for all physicians was $4,207, and for general practitioners $3,744. In Detroit, which the Committee also surveyed, the corresponding incomes were $4,548 and $5,000. In Shelby County, Indiana, the average net income of thirty-two physicians was a little over $3,400. The average net income of American physicians as a whole probably falls considerably under $5,000 a year. It would be a niggardly patient indeed who would call these rewards excessive in view of the services the physician performs.

With hospitals the case is even clearer. According to Dr. C. Rufus Rorem, a member of the research staff of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, ninety-one per cent of all the money invested in American hospitals is provided either by governments or by non-profit associations. In Philadelphia only fifty-one per cent of the operating expenses of fifty-three hospitals was received from patients. 147 hospitals in thirty-nine cities reported in 1927 that patients paid sixty-eight and a half per cent of the total operating costs. The average may be higher or lower in other communities, but there can be no doubt whatever that the patients in American hospitals do not, as patients, pay for all they receive. They may, as citizens, make up the hospital deficits by gifts or taxes, but that is another story.

It should be clear from the foregoing that we are not, as a nation, adequately protected against either

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illness itself or the costs of illness. It should also be clear that the trouble lies in a defect of organization. Undoubtedly it would be profitable for us to spend more than we do on the care and prevention of illness. Dr. Winslow thinks we might very economically increase our annual expenditures for rural health services from the present level of $5,000,000 to $100,000,000. But an immense step forward would be taken if we planned an effective expenditure of the funds now available for medical care, and if we contrived so to distribute the costs that they would not fall with their present crushing weight on those least able to bear them.

WE HAVE, fortunately, some precedents to guide us. Though medicine remains the most individualistic of the professions it has not been impervious to modern ideas of organization. The very existence of the modern hospital and clinic is evidence in point. There are striking instances of efforts to reconcile the financial interests of patients and doctors, so that adequate service could be provided and suitably paid for without hardship. (We have space to glance at a few of these instances.) Some ninety-five American universities and colleges now provide complete medical service for their students on an annual fee basis. At the University of Michigan, for example, the needs of more than 12,000 students are looked after by six full-time physicians, ten part-time physicians, one part-time dentist and twenty social workers, laboratory technicians and other employes at a total cost to each student of ten dollars a year. Many industrial corporations furnish medical service to their employes either free or on an annual or monthly payment basis. Not all of these services can be commended. One, that of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, covering 15,000 employes and their families in five New York towns, deserves mention. It includes complete medical care for a group amounting, in normal times, to more than 41,000 persons. The Endicott Johnson employe, or any member of his family, is entitled to the services of a general practitioner, dentist, nurse or any specialist needed for any kind of illness. If hospital care, home nursing or rest in a convalescent home is required, it is furnished either by the company or by outside agencies paid by the company. The actual annual cost for those families who used the service was, when the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care reported on the plan, $25.49 per annum, or very nearly the average per capita cost for medical care in the entire United States.

It is, perhaps, of minor importance to our argument that the Endicott Johnson company finds it a worth while investment in good will to provide its medical service free of charge. The experiment demonstrates on a fairly large scale that such a service, described as reasonably satisfactory, can be maintained in Binghamton and similar communities for approximately twenty-five dollars per person per annum. In other words, if the Endicott Johnson medical organization could be reproduced by some other group of 40,000 individuals in a small American city they would probably be able to rid

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themselves permanently of the financial risks of sickness at a cost of about twenty-five dollars a year each. The "if" may be a big word in this connection, but there is no reason to believe it insurmountable.

Some imposing figures of medical care on an insurance or annual payment basis might be rolled up if we included the various industrial plans, insurance furnished by labor unions to their members, and the so-called "lodge practice." It has been stated, for example, that a total of 2,000,000 individuals is covered by industrial insurance or medical service set-ups. Where occupational diseases are concerned workmen's compensation shades into sickness insurance. But merely quantitative measurement in this field is misleading. Labor union health insurance does not cover the entire scope, even of organized labor; it is usually payable in money rather than service, and it is commonly inadequate. "Lodge practice" — the provision of medical service by fraternal organizations at a fixed fee per member — has fallen into disrepute because the fees, fixed competitively, are too low to attract experienced and competent physicians or to ensure good work. Such practice represents a good idea gone wrong.

More hopeful are some of the experiments being made by individual practitioners, by medical organizations or "private group clinics," and by hospitals. Pediatricians often undertake the care of babies during the first one or two years of life at an annual rate. A few general practitioners have applied the same idea to adult patients. A number of "private group clinics" or organizations of physicians, usually including most of the ordinary specialties, accept patients on an annual contract basis. In some cases they contract with groups, usually employes' associations, at a monthly rate as low as seventy-five cents or one dollar for a limited service. An incorporated concern in Los Angeles has undertaken, apparently with satisfaction to its patients and profit to itself, to furnish both medical and hospital care for an annual fee.

Some community enterprises have been notably successful. In Grinnell, Iowa, the Community Hospital offers hospital care to the extent of board, room and regular nursing, at eight dollars a year for each individual, or twelve dollars for man and wife, five dollars for one child and two dollars and a half for each additional child. In Brattleboro, Vermont, a hospital association charges five dollars an individual or $7.50 for a couple a year to members, in return for which it pays hospital costs, surgeon's fees, and all other expenses of an illness or operation costing more than thirty dollars and not more than three hundred. Under governmental control yet having many of the aspects of a coöperative community enterprise, is the "municipal doctor" system of Saskatchewan. Here, about a decade ago, the farmers, many of them Americans who had migrated across the border, found that the country doctor was moving away, was giving unsatisfactory service or was discontented with his lot. A rural municipality in Saskatchewan, it should be noted, is the equivalent of an American county. One after another, thirty-two Saskatchewan municipalities secured legislation enabling them to tax

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themselves for the purpose of securing medical attention, and proceeded to hire doctors on an annual salary. The tax was usually laid on the land and in most cases the doctors served the rural population only. In some instances the physicians were allowed to charge fees for first visits, for operations, and for service to persons residing outside the community. After ten years, as Dr. Rorem reports, both patients and doctors seem well satisfied with the system. With salaries and incidental fees the doctors are able to earn net incomes ranging in some cases above $5,000 a year, while the average family pays a medical tax levy of from seven dollars and a half to ten dollars a year. As hospital care and operations usually come extra this may not represent the entire cost of a serious illness. Apparently it would not be difficult to include these items at a proportionately higher cost, nor is there any apparent reason why the same system should not work well in rural communities on the American side of the line.

THESE illustrations are perhaps hardly more than straws in the wind. Yet their very diversity, both geographically and otherwise, is of the utmost significance. They represent a growing desire, sometimes effectively expressed and sometimes not, to escape from the vicious circle of medical bills which do not overpay the doctor or the hospital, yet which are more than the average patient can afford to pay. In most cases they have been managed without a serious breach with the traditions or the ethics of the medical profession. In practically every case they involve an application of the simple principle of so spreading the financial risk of sickness that it will not fall too heavily on any one pair of shoulders. In few of them is there any essential modification of the personal relationship between doctor and patient, which is probably necessary if the best results are to be obtained. In most of them it is to the interest of the physician to prevent illness as well as to cure it.

Such is the trend. It can hardly yet be called a movement. What American medicine most needs, on the face of the evidence, is a multiplication of these experiments, together with a careful study and determination of the standards by which they should be guided. The present chaos in medical practice needs a guiding leadership, which may well be composed of representatives both of the medical profession and of the laity. Unless this leadership develops, one of two things is likely to happen. Thousands of Americans will continue to suffer and die for lack of that medical attention which it is the duty and the desire of the medical profession to give them. Thousands more will be ruined by the unpredictable and crushing cost of serious illness.

Or — and this is a possibility which should cause the medical profession serious thought — America will turn in desperation to those European systems which have until now seemed repugnant to American ideals and traditions. More extensive medical care we must have. It will be voluntary and coöperative in its organization or it will be bureaucratic. Pure individualism has had its day.

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The Mistake about Hemingway

By Arthur Dewing

A new analysis of the man who wrote "A Farewell to Arms"

For better or worse, Ernest Hemingway, who a little more than five years ago was quite unknown, has influenced the younger American writers as much as any author of the Twenties. No small amount of fiction appearing in the magazines is in style patterned after his. Such imitation is nearly always enervating. Hemingway himself put the matter neatly when he wrote that prose not one's own is of no value. But those attempting to copy Hemingway's are singularly unsuccessful. They fail because they do not comprehend what his work represents. Unfortunately, most of Hemingway's critics have praised or decried only superficial qualities of his style and moods, with the result that neither Hemingway's contribution to contemporary fiction nor his limitation has been understood.

Hemingway's talent is as original and spontaneous as Stephen Crane's. His laughter at professional litterateurs and evangelists of culture is always bubbling over. Life in itself affords Hemingway amusement. He relishes the impressions of his acute and healthy senses. He savors activity and finds it to his taste. "The element of sensuousness in every aspect of life is the foundation of his huge enjoyment in living," writes his friend Margaret Anderson in her entertaining autobiography, *My Thirty Years' War*. "Hemingway is so soft-hearted that it must be as much as he can bear to beat a punching-bag, and he is so afraid of falling often in love that he doesn't go about as blithely as he used to. . . . If I had to choose a single adjective to describe Hemingway I should choose 'simple.'"

Margaret Anderson chose her adjective astutely. Simple. Just that. Hemingway's feelings, thoughts, reactions are spontaneous and simple. Fundamentally his style and structure are simple too. Hemingway looks at life clear-eyed and writes down what he sees. He approaches life with fresh, quick senses and writes down what he feels. He describes principally from the outside characters almost as simple as the words he uses. He expresses without artifice his impressions of by no means unusual experiences. The merest commonplace provides him with a story. Everyday life is for him dramatic. He rejects all excrescences, but never anything necessary to make his picture convincing. Always

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he tells a story well. For contemporary fiction, such writing is a healthy tonic.

During the last twenty years or so, writers of fiction have increasingly devoted themselves to studying the mind. The popularizing of psychology, like that of evolution in the Nineteenth Century, caused speculations to be swallowed whole as truths. Man jumped to the exciting conclusion that the sensitive, intricate, and fugitive impressions of his mind could be explained, perhaps controlled, and certainly expressed. Authors gave themselves up to thinking unhappily about their thoughts.

This emphasis on mind was heightened by the World War. The disillusion of the Twenties was a whole generation's disillusion with the false ideals, false beliefs, and false practices of its elders, with the false way of living which had brought about that vicious, incomparable, unpardonable folly, and which still inexorably controlled the destinies of the men and women who survived. The false concepts of human life and nature on which the young men and women of the Twenties had been brought up no longer held for them meaning or significance. They sent them by the board. In reaction to the emptiness of idealized conceptions, they exaggerated the reverse. That was not what they needed either. Like Krebs of *Soldier's Home* in *In Our Time*, they "acquired the nausea in regard to experience that is the result of untruth or exaggeration." Their thoughts were forced in on their minds.

As a result of these influences, Twentieth Century novelists have attempted to analyze and to portray the delicate workings of the mind. They have tried to represent life by representing their characters' thoughts. More often than not the means by which the mind receives its impressions (i.e., sense experience) and the end for which a healthy mind works (i.e., robust activity) have been minimized in contrast or left out. "Reality," authors have proclaimed omnisciently, "lies within the individual mind."

Nevertheless, it still *seems* to lie outside. In living, what we are concerned with mainly are human actions and reactions, not the thought processes by which actions and reactions are produced. What matters to us, what is reality for us, is what men *do*, not what they think. Under normal conditions, the mind is in a state of inconceivably spontaneous flux. We can not say at any given moment what our unresolved thoughts may be. If I am reading and take out my watch, I seldom know the mental process which made me want to know the time. Our mental processes are too spontaneous, too fleeting to be caught. What we are usually aware of is a general impression conveyed to us by sight, sound, touch, smell, taste — a general impression sometimes dominated by a particular impression, emotion, or impulse. The exception occurs when we are under some kind of emotional stress. The forces of the mind are then concentrated on a single objective, and the mind then records its impressions with mechanical regularity almost in words. But under ordinary circumstances our minds are conglomerations of impressions synthesizing unconsciously.

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Clearly, if novelists were to incorporate the ultimate reality in fiction, they would have to give us not conscious expression of the unconscious, but the *unconscious expressed unconsciously*.

Theories accounting for the locale of reality interest Ernest Hemingway as little as the workings and possibilities of the mind. He finds too much delight in living to be concerned with introspective thought. In his own life, he is said to start for somewhere else at a moment's notice if it offers an experience he wants to have. What he enjoys most are the impressions of his healthy senses. His attitude toward life is active, to say the least. For him reality is what he sees and feels.

To contemporary fiction, Hemingway has contributed the steadying influence of one who approaches life with zest and level eyesight and depicts with understanding human experience as it seems to be. He shuns false yet superficially attractive sentiments. He eschews sordid exaggeration as well. He emphasizes healthy sense impressions. He tries to express experience in terms of speech and action, as it exists. Hemingway pays little attention to the minds of his characters. He is concerned with what they feel, with what they *do*. One of his distinctive merits is his persistent unwillingness to account for actions and reactions — to explain. He meets life with gusto; he writes of it pointedly with evident delight. Now this same relish for living is the basis of sound thought. Without it, thought is unwholesome, not robust. Yet Hemingway's enjoyment of life for its own sake is generally overlooked.

Ludwig Lewisohn, for example, in writing of the fiction of the Twenties (*Blind Alley*) grouped Hemingway with Cabell and the disillusioned, and declared that he lacks joy and vigor. Were such an estimate correct, Hemingway could never have produced the work he has. He could never have written *Big Two-Hearted River*, a story about the lone character's delight in a solitary fishing trip, or *Cross Country Snow*, of a skiing trip in Switzerland. Both appear in his first volume of stories, *In Our Time*. A disillusioned writer creates introspective characters and exalts them. Hemingway's characters are matter of fact. Though they have cause and opportunity, he seldom allows them to think about themselves. A disillusioned writer tends to dwell on an experience and to extract a moral from it, as Cabell does with the top of a cold cream jar in *The Cream of the Jest*. Hemingway neither dwells on experiences nor moralizes. At the end of *A Farewell to Arms* he writes that Henry, after Catherine's death, simply "walked back to the hotel in the rain."

The Sun Also Rises is usually considered in terms of the futility of the life it portrays. Its importance lies in Hemingway's method of portrayal. He dwells on no emotions. He shies away from introspective thought. He concerns himself mainly with the speech and actions of his characters. Sense impressions of every kind fill the book. The characters — except Robert Cohn, whom the rest dislike — waste small time on regret. In their own ways, they are living to the limit. They react to their experiences

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with keenness, sometimes with zest. Hemingway makes them interesting by moving them swiftly on from one experience to the next.

When Hemingway finishes one experience he is ready for the next. In a sense, that is his strength. But it reveals his weakness, too. A great artist never dwells on an experience sentimentally, never lacks joy and vigor for greeting what may come. Sooner or later, however, a great artist interprets, suggests by implication whatever human significance any experience he employs may have. Hemingway has been content to sketch with startling clarity and gusto the real feelings of his livelier contemporaries toward active experiences. He never plows the surfaces of life with his imagination. He rarely suggests the implications of events. When he does, he is unnaturally clumsy, like a man walking in the dark.

HEMINGWAY'S ability to catch the feelings of his own contemporaries is one reason for his wide appeal. In tone and meaning every sentence is of the time he writes. No other period could have produced the style any more than it could have produced the thought. His characters, their speeches, actions, and reactions, are always up to date. Hemingway writes of them almost in the everyday language of the hour. What his method fundamentally amounts to is this: he says nearly everything the way we might see it, the way we might feel it, in the *rhythm* of our everyday speech and thought.

His characters are revealed to us by what they say and do, to some extent by what others say of them, only occasionally by what they think, and rarely by description or analysis. Not always. The first chapter of *The Sun Also Rises*, of course, is devoted to a description of Robert Cohn; and five chapters later Jake, who tells the story, sums him up objectively in about two hundred words. There are others, too, as Krebs, the soldier who came home to Oklahoma and "wanted his life to go smoothly"; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, who "tried very hard to have a baby"; and the Nick of *Now I Lay Me*. But Brett Ashley, Bill Gorton, Mike Campbell, Catherine Barkley, Rinaldi, the minor characters of the novels, and most of the characters of the short stories are shown to us largely through their speech and actions, as are the people whom we know in life. Frederic Henry, who narrates *A Farewell to Arms*, and Jake both shun introspection, delight in sense impressions, and possess that mental awareness which skilfully perceives the significant in an Alpine landscape or the footwork of a matador, in a fishing trip or a woman's agony in childbirth. When Hemingway does go inside Henry's mind for an effect, Henry himself is undergoing an experience so powerful that his mind, as ours would be, is for the moment clarified, unified, made almost mechanical by its concentration on the circumstances it confronts. That is why Henry's stream of consciousness while Catherine is in childbirth rings true.

Not only does Hemingway avoid explaining characters: he reduces almost to a minimum his descriptions of scenes and events. He never dwells on either. Making his way

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across the Italian countryside, Frederic Henry gives us only a general impression, such as we ourselves would have, of the mountains, the towns, the low wet plains, the roads and rivers, with only an occasional effect in detail — the roofs of houses, a campanile, a bridge, or trees — such as we ourselves might receive. Jake describes the Basque country with the same restraint. Apart from its war interest, *A Farewell to Arms* is chiefly concerned with the love of Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry. Henry first knows he loves Catherine when she walks into his room in the hospital in Milan. Hemingway writes: "When I saw her I was in love with her. Everything turned over inside of me." Then he gives us their mutual attitudes, reactions, in some three hundred words, principally dialogue. He omits nothing relevant. We lose only explanation, only inconsequential details of which we ourselves in such a situation would not be aware.

The use of isolated yet more or less related details to build up an impression of reality is of course by no means an original technique. But in the hands of most authors (e.g., Arnold Bennett) the result is monotonous, ponderous, oppressive. It is as though sitting at home they laboriously imagined *all* aspects that a *complete* picture might be achieved. The result is complete enough, heaven knows, but its downright completeness makes it seem unreal. In actual life it is impossible for us to receive an entirely complete impression of anything at all. What we receive are related aspects, and nothing else.

Hemingway never makes the mistake of attempting complete representation. He renders not all aspects but merely the most significant, those most likely to impress themselves upon an active mind. He gives us not photographs but impressions as we might experience them in life. His characters, scenes, and events are rendered by means of carefully selected general impressions unified, permanently fixed, by significant details. That such impressionism sometimes causes each character, each scene, each event to appear differently to different readers is an advantage rather than not. So do each character, each scene, each event in life.

The narrative style Hemingway has chosen, that of everyday speech and thought, necessitates extreme simplicity of syntax. Our everyday speech and thought are normally specific and concise. It is when we deliberate that thought and speech become confused (see Henry James), and Hemingway has little interest in deliberation. Unlike his imitators, however, Hemingway does more than write short concrete sentences. By the wording of his sentences he gives them movement, life. Consistently he relates his passive elements to active. He writes: "There were many more guns in the country around *and the spring had come*. The fields were green and there were small green *shoots* on the vines, the trees along the road had small leaves *and a breeze came from the sea*." Figures of speech appear rarely in his writing, as they do in our own thoughts and conversations. He uses them principally to emphasize carefully selected points.

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Every sentence of Hemingway's follows the *rhythm* of ordinary conversation and thought. To capture rhythm in this way requires extraordinary sense perceptions, which he, again unlike his imitators, possesses. The power manifests itself clearly in the speech of Bugs, the negro of *The Battler* in *In Our Time*, where without using phonetic spelling Hemingway communicates the special quality of negro speech. His later work shows improved command of the technique. By also writing his descriptive passages in the rhythm of everyday conversation and thought, Hemingway makes us feel that we are actually experiencing what he describes. We get thereby a truer effect of reality than any attempt to represent mental processes could achieve.

There is perhaps something to be said for Lewis Mumford's unnamed friend who complained that "everything he (Hemingway) writes sounds like a crisis in a cable." There is truth, too, in Mr. Mumford's own pronouncement of Hemingway's prose as "impassive, undemonstrative." But neither is quite just.

Writing such as Hemingway's must overcome two constant dangers. It must be so controlled that one sentence does not seem to tread upon the next, and it must be relieved of the monotonous rhythm which short sentences, practically unvaried, always cause. Hemingway accomplishes the first by cutting each sentence as cleanly short as any of his sense impressions. His treatment of the second is a mark of his development as a writer. To rhythms he is peculiarly sensitive, and in each successive book — more particularly in his transition from the experiments of *In Our Time* to the more finished *The Sun Also Rises* and the most successful of all, *A Farewell to Arms* — he shapes his prose to more distinctive rhythms. In *The Sun Also Rises* sentences long yet essentially simple appear more frequently to vary the monotony of the short. In *A Farewell to Arms* Hemingway seems to do this more easily. What is more important, he here builds up rhythms of significant words and phrases. In the hands of others (e.g., Gertrude Stein), such repetition has been used deliberately to destroy the meaning. Hemingway, by repeating only the most important, heightens, even clarifies, the effect he wishes to communicate. Frederic Henry's impressions as he is being wounded show this plainly. The same passage, by the way, does not seem "impassive" prose to me. I am inclined to believe it as "demonstrative" as good art permits — no more, no less. But the point I want to make is that Hemingway's earlier books do not contain such writing.

To read his books in sequence is to see Hemingway profiting by the lessons to be learned from each. Taking the two extremes, *Indian Camp*, the first story in *In Our Time*, deals fundamentally with the same subject as the last chapter of *A Farewell to Arms*. The first is gauntly horrible. I know few passages of prose so moving as the second, infused with sympathy, understanding, relentless precision in every line. Even the fooling of *The Torrents of Spring* seems to have strengthened that facility, that ease of expression which makes *A Farewell to Arms* splendidly

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lucid reading. In technique *A Farewell to Arms* is an improvement on everything that came before.

Consequently it seems to me unlikely that "for the moment he (Hemingway) is caught in the cage of his style," as Mr. Mumford put it in an excellent article on the *Predicament of Emptiness*. Mr. Mumford finds still further promise in his work. I am not sure I do. In Hemingway's style and method, I find proof of development and indication of more. But of the penetrating insight and imaginative interpretation of the important artist, I find little more evidence in Hemingway's last book than in his first.

BY STRESSING the vitality of physical activity, of sense experience, of living, as opposed to the deadliness and unreality of comparatively isolated processes of thought, Ernest Hemingway has given contemporary fiction a healthy and much needed stimulant. He has recalled our attention to varied incident, to the essential story in a work of fiction. He shows us what it means to live with all one's senses; he gives us impressions through touch, taste, smell, sound, sight, whereas few authors range beyond sight and sound. He writes a sturdy, vigorous, lively prose which is in no way literary, artificial. His characters approach life, any kind of life, with intense awareness, not infrequently almost with gusto. He depicts sense experience as it seems to be. He stirs us to appreciate being alive.

What has enabled Hemingway to do this is his own personality, his instinctive emphasis of sense impressions. "The element of sensuousness in every aspect of life," which Margaret Anderson says "is the foundation of his huge enjoyment in living," admirably fitted him to produce the work he has. But it may quite as surely prevent him from approaching what Mr. Mumford calls the "large tracts of life" he has not treated. Hemingway has turned the lessons of his earlier books to his special purpose of fixing for us sense experience through well constructed narrative. If his later books show more skilfull handling of his characters than the first, they show little more interest in the effects of their experiences on the characters, in the human significance of events.

Hemingway, as I have said, writes in the rhythm of everyday speech and thought. To make such writing easier and more convincing, he usually employs the simple trick of telling his story through the impressions and reactions of a single character. For his narrator he always selects a character who may have some feelings and possibly some abilities above the average but who nevertheless receives impressions in the manner of an ordinary if lively man. This enables us to experience the story through a single individual whom we can easily understand. It makes the narrative seem real. Yet the nature of this character limits the amount of imaginative interpretation the story can present.

Now whether this narrator be called Nick or Jake or Frederic Henry, I fancy he contains much of Ernest Hemingway himself. The "limit" in Hemingway's writing, sometimes attributed to his style, I find here. For me it is the limit most likely to keep him from complete

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success. Nick, Jake, and Frederic Henry have almost no interest in the relation of man to life. Occasionally it is borne in on them, but when it is, they soon put it from their minds. So, I think, does Hemingway himself. His writings hold little which suggests that he is interested in the human implications of experience, in the "large tracts of life" he has not treated.

For Hemingway to treat life in its broader aspects and with deeper penetration, it would be necessary for him either to forsake the narrative method of his novels or else to create some such intellectually perceptive character as Conrad's Marlow. In the short stories that Hemingway tells objectively he gives us less interpretation than in the novels. Their appeal is kaleidoscopic. In the novels, Hemingway's attempts at interpretation are excursions inside his narrators' minds. If Hemingway can combine his own impressionism and the stream of consciousness method, employing the latter with characteristic sureness of selection, he will make an important contribution to the art of narration. He well may. But to interpret life imaginatively, from either inside or outside his characters, Hemingway's own perceptions must develop. And I am not sure that Hemingway can develop in that way or that he wants to if he can. When Margaret Anderson told him that *A Farewell to Arms* would have been "an altogether remarkable book if, instead of dealing with a purely accidental instinctive love, it dealt with something a little higher in the scale — say a love experience with some quality of awareness in it," he is said to have replied:

"I don't get you. Those two people really loved each other. Gee, he was crazy about her."

From his own point of view Hemingway was right. And his point of view is valuable. Not many contemporary writers are as vitally alive.

Rime for a Swimmer

By Frederic Prokosch

Aldebaran is captured in the glass
Of this warm water. Do not break
The treachery of this mirror. Wait,
Wait. Now it is broken and the lake

Is once again a lake. The stars are shattered.
Your body's plunge again has set them free.
Aldebaran has flown into the sky again: but you
Are lovelier than he.

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Permutation in Suburbia

By Stella Baldwin

Whose golf-widowed years have brought her faith, hope and charity

Ten years ago golf crossed the threshold of our home and took as its toll my husband. The condolences of friends and relatives failed to cheer me, for I had lost my husband to a cause which I could not see was worthy of the sacrifice. Had he been taken in middle life or advancing age, I should have felt less grieved, for I knew of golf then only as an old man's game.

As I look back upon this decade of golf-widowhood, I find that time has healed my wound and I have evolved metamorphically into a happy golf-widow. Call me a rationalized golf-widow, if you will, but whatever it is, I am now strongly on the defense of the golfing husband.

At college, my husband had been a crack tennis player, captain of his team, and a good all-round athlete. After a number of years of confinement to an office life, he found tennis unsatisfactory. It did not get him out into the open for a long enough period, and after three or four sets he was through for the day. Golf beckoned and John succumbed to its lure.

Engrossed in the care of a new infant at the time, I was not able to share in this new diversion with John. I had always been a firm believer in separate holidays for husbands and wives. We both agreed that occasional separations were healthy for the endurance of any intimate human relationship, whether it was husband-wife, parent-child, brother-sister, or otherwise, for too constant association leads to exaggeration of petty vexations and a periodic separation clears the atmosphere. From the beginning of our marriage we had always indulged in short vacations apart, if only for a few days. John would go off on a fishing trip with his friends, while I would sojourn elsewhere. But along came this new institution of week-end golf.

Though my outlook has mellowed, I still remember how I dreaded the approach of Sunday in the city, with a perambulator to navigate about the park. At every turn, I saw fathers and mothers together caring for their children; but mine was a one-man job. However, while these women had compassion for me, the deserted wife, their husbands wore a yearning, far-away look, that seemed to say, "Lucky fellow, I wish

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I could get away, too." I also recall that their children were at no greater advantage for care than my own little golf-orphan.

On the surface, this picture of mother tending the baby and father off for a day of golf seems unfair, but let's analyze it. John is a professional man, who puts in six days a week of hard labor. He works in an office in the heart of the city. He returns at night too fatigued to step out of doors for a short walk. The only fresh air he is exposed to is on his way to his office and back again. Many days he is even forced to forego his lunch. Wouldn't you grant him a Sunday in the sunshine, free from irritations, diverting enough to make him forget his daily cares?

Consider my side of the picture. I have always had a competent maid to relieve me of the household drudgery. I chose to rear the children myself, because I felt that I was more capable of that job than any one else. While I was curious to get out and discover this royal game for myself, I felt that this would come later and satisfied myself with "time off" afternoons to pursue my own hobbies.

The difference between our two jobs, as I see it, was that mine was part time and John's was full time. I had any afternoon I desired for outside interests while John had but one day. I chose my own hobbies, why shouldn't he choose his? John's golf did not inconvenience me. It merely deprived me of his company, which I enjoyed. Knowing that golf contributed to John's general health and happiness, should I not coöperate in every way possible to make his day of relaxation a successful one?

What would it have availed me if I had said, "No, John, it's not fair. I have the baby all week and now you take care of him on Sunday!" I have heard this attitude expressed by many women. They are resentful of their husband's day of freedom and much unhappiness results. The weaker ones succumb to their wives' pleadings, forfeit their golf and regret it the rest of their lives. The stronger ones win out but are branded as brutes who neglect their wives.

When our first child was a few years old, I took to golf myself. It appealed to me immediately. Though I was not constitutionally an athlete, it satisfied me because it was a game that one could enjoy without having to excel in it. I played about once or twice a week, not enough to become adept, but enough to realize why men leave home. I found myself on the golf course forgetting that I had a home, a family, or a care in the world.

Another infant interrupted my golf, but John's went on and on. Playing at public golf courses became unsatisfactory, so he joined a club. A year or two later we moved to the suburbs and found ourselves just a few minutes from the club. Golf was now accessible to both of us at the slightest whim. John played regularly and I went over occasionally. With the children growing I found that I could even get away on Sunday and play a round with John if I chose. But, strangely enough, I chose not to. In the first place, John played in the eighties and I was a "duffer." Why spoil his game, and, incidentally, his good humor?

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During the week, while the children are at school, I run over to the club occasionally. I enjoy the game fully, but it does not obsess me. It has made me understand its appeal to the tired man. John returns home from his golf, and chuckling, tells me, "You know that tenth hole with the water hazard, par three? Well, I landed on the green in one, just two inches from the hole — two inches more and I'd have had a hole in one." Instead of wondering what it is all about and looking bored to boot, I have a vicarious thrill myself.

Everybody's husband plays golf in the suburbs. While the selling bait for moving the Lares and Penates from town to country has always been the wide, open spaces for the children, one soon discovers that it was the "wide, open fairways" that broke down the sales resistance of one's husband.

One can not escape observing family relationships at close range in the suburbs. Life is much more intimate here than among apartment-dwellers in the city. Homes in a typical suburban locality such as ours are of three kinds: First, there is the home where the husband once entertained fond hopes of becoming a golfer. He was forced to suppress his desires in this direction and became inhibited because his wife prohibited. If you will drive through the country of a Sunday, you will find this man weeding the garden, fixing the leak on the roof, sweeping the walk, or taking Aunt Jane and Uncle Harry for a drive. This poor soul is usually very handy around the house, good at heart and sensitive, and rates about fifty per cent in happiness. His wife rates one hundred per cent. She gets what she wants out of life.

The second type of home is one where husband has a burning fever for golf and wife tries her best to abate it, but is unsuccessful. She becomes a golf-widow for life, but is never resigned to her lot, and continues to hope that golf will one day go out of her husband's life. Hers is the husband who imbibes on the "nineteenth hole" to prepare himself for the offensive when he reaches home. His is the wife who always phones the club from five o'clock on, to see if her George has left for home. But George has the locker man trained to recognize her voice, and inevitably when she phones, she hears, "Mr. Brown is on his way home, ma'am," while, in reality, he is out starting on another round. I should rate his happiness about seventy-five, and his wife's fifty. George, at least, can slough off his troubles on the golf course, but Mrs. George can not forget her rôle of neglected wife. Unfortunately, this species of golf-widow is predominant and more deadly than any other. Her husband *will* play his golf, no matter what the domestic hazard.

Which brings us to our third home in this classification. Here and there, sparsely dotted, one finds a home where man can sow his golf oats at will, and where the family unit still remains intact. The wife usually has an absorbing interest outside of the home which forms an outlet for her spare time. She is not dependent socially on the members of her family. Her own self-respect rates high and likewise the respect of husband and children for her.

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From the opposition comes the argument that golf deprives the home of its *pater familias*. "But what of those poor children who will grow up not knowing the influence or companionship of a father?" they cry. Have you ever observed a complete family of father, mother and children of a Sunday? Father will play around with the children for a little while in the morning, until you hear, "Now, Junior, run along and let father read his paper." And Junior is glad to run along, because he doesn't get the same fun out of playing with father as he does with his chum, Billy.

The traditional Sunday dinner with all the family assembled and father at the head of the table may have its merits. We solve that problem by having ours in the evening.

Fred, one of our friends at the club, is known as the "model husband" among men. He insists on "having that celebrated Sunday dinner at home with his family and spending the afternoon with his children." His wife tells me another version of the story. Fred plays golf "only in the morning." He comes home to dinner at two or three (the cook had it scheduled at one). The children are "starved" and irritable from waiting, wife is cross and cook threatens to leave. Dinner is eaten solemnly, the children go out of doors to play, and Fred, tired from his morning's golf, naps for the rest of the afternoon. But Fred is satisfied. He spends his Sunday with his family.

The tranquillity of the golf-widow is of her own making. When golf enters her home and absorbs the interest of her husband, she may meet its intrusion with resentment or perverseness, or weigh values and welcome it with liberality. There is no evading it; when it comes, it endures. If she resists it, the props are removed from something more vital.

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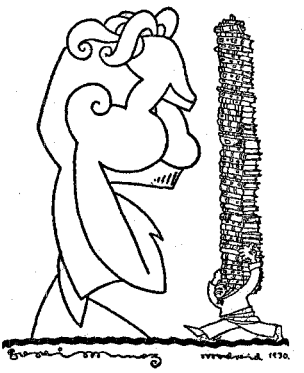
THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL



HOME is the traveler, to find that indefatigable and ever-interesting anti-American Stuart Chase again in the limelight, this time with a corking book on Mexico. Why does the Landscaper call Mr. Chase anti-American, do you ask? Perhaps because he is so violently opposed to the current culture of our country; because a good many years ago he helped to write a book called *Your Money's Worth*, which was a most vigorous assault upon the high-pressure advertising and selling that helped so much to bring us to the crash of 1929. Because, when the rest of the economists of the country, or at least the vast majority, were announcing publicly that with the aid of Mr. Henry Ford we had discovered a new system which guaranteed prosperity for all evermore, Mr. Chase was saying just as publicly that we were headed for disaster; that, indeed, the System just then being worshiped not only failed to guarantee peace and prosperity to all, but that it did not even promise a reasonable measure of human happiness at the top of its efficiency. This merry iconoclasm goes right on in the new book, which is published by Macmillan at $3, and the full title of which is *Mexico: A Study of the Two Americas*, with many illustrations by Diego Rivera and written with the help of Marian Tyler, who is Mrs. Stuart Chase. Would we have listened in patience three or four years ago to the argument that the republic to the south of us actually had more to offer us in the way of real civilization than we had to offer it? One is privileged to doubt it. Most Americans of that period would have hooted and jeered, and continued to think that the cause of culture in general would best be served by our taking possession of the country, putting all the Indians on reservations, and turning loose our magnificent exploiters upon the vast natural resources. Now we are more patient. We know there is a considerable amount of unhappiness in this country, and some of us are willing to admit that even in the boom days there was less of real joy than we were led to believe.

A Mexican Village

MR. CHASE went to a village of 4,000 inhabitants, Tepoztlan, and made a study of a people still in

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the handicraft stage of development, contrasting their situation with that of the inhabitants of the American Middletown. In most respects he found his Mexican friends living happier, fuller lives; more colorful existences, with less worry. Naturally they have to do without many of the blessings of the Machine Age; not every home has a sunken bath in pastel shades, and there are very few automobiles. There are also very few nervous breakdowns. The striking contrast between Tepoztlan and Middletown is, Mr. Chase says, that the people in the Mexican town live to play, while the people in Middletown live to work. Apparently the Mexicans have never heard of John Calvin . . . There is a temptation to go on writing about Mr. Chase's book, not only because it is excellent reading, done with spirit and understanding, but because its theories find so much sympathy in the bosom of the Landscaper, another anti-American of the same breed as Mr. Chase. But there are other books to be discussed, several of them bearing more or less on the same general problem. Please do not miss Mr. Chase on Mexico. If this sympathetic reviewer found anything to quarrel with in the book it is that so much of what Mr. Chase seems to regard as typically Mexican is just as typically Spanish; there are spots in Spain as blessed as Tepoztlan, and not an Indian in a good many thousand miles of them.

Not a Tourist's Paradise

MORE than one tender-hearted reader has expressed the pious hope that Mr. Chase's exciting book will not start a tourist rush to Mexico. It will undoubtedly arouse interest in the country, but your real tourist is unwilling to put up with the minor discomforts and inconveniences in order to obtain the major spiritual satisfactions. Mexico has in this respect the same protection as Spain; the Mexicans are apparently able to resist any invasions without altering their essential characteristics very much, and this tourists in the large do not like. There is very little in Mr. Chase's book to indicate that the Mexicans are likely to become a nation of innkeepers, and it is the nations of innkeepers that entertain the crowded charabancs . . . Along with the Chase book there is a steady word-of-mouth propaganda in favor of Mexico that has been going on now for several years; one of the Landscaper's good friends, who has worshipped Italy from childhood returned from Mexico not long ago with the startling statement that he had never loved a land or a people so much before. Those who care to pursue the subject further, before taking a train or a ship south, will find a good recent history of the country in *Liberalism in Mexico* by Wilfred Hardy Callcott (Stanford University Press, $5), a volume that covers the period from 1857 and the new Constitution to the administration of Emiliano Portes Gil in 1929.

A Frenchman on America

IF, BY implication, Mr. Chase lets us know that he is not entirely satisfied with contemporary American culture, there is a foreign critic about who is far more outspoken in regard to many of our idols. This is Georges Duhamel, whose *Scenes from the Life*

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of the Future has been a much discussed book in its French version for a good many months. It has now been translated and published as *America the Menace* (Houghton Mifflin, $2). This is a long way from being another André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age;* Mr. Duhamel did not remain very long in this country and he brought his preconceived opinions with him. His book is sweeping and superficial, but it is interesting because it was written primarily as a warning to his own people of the danger of falling completely under our influence. Perhaps he became alarmed while going about Paris, where the American influence seems to grow stronger and stronger with the passing of the years. At any rate, he is very much upset, and his book will not be read at any D. A. R. conventions this year. It is our standardization that most alarms him, and while we may differ in point of view as much as we like, it would be hard to disprove the general truth of the charges he brings. There is nothing malicious about his criticism; he is honestly frightened of what we may do to the world. On the other side of the question is a small volume, *America We Need You*, by E. Muller-Sternheim (Houghton Mifflin, $1.75), in which a German declares passionately that we have within our power the control of the world for its own good. This is a very comforting sort of book to read after some of the others mentioned. Those looking for further comfort will find it in *Modern Civilization on Trial* by C. DeLisle Burns (Macmillan, $2.50), a survey of the industrialization of the world, with a good deal of optimism in its pages.

The Youth of Germany

ANNE MERRIMAN PECK has written a highly interesting book on one of the European movements that is giving color to a whole civilization in *Young Germany* (McBride, $2.50), which is a story of the famous Youth Movement. Fortunately for the success of this plan, Germany is still in a state where simple pleasures are possible, where hiking and camping and swimming are all inexpensive, and where sports of most sorts may be indulged in within a quarter of an hour of the centres of great cities. There is nothing more striking about the Germany of today than the health and vigor of the young people, and the Youth Movement has played no small part in this situation. There might be a Youth Movement in Mexico, if one were needed, but anything of the simplicity of the German scheme would be out of the question for us; we are much too advanced, even in our present poverty-stricken condition to enjoy simple healthful ways of spending time in which very little money is involved. Miss Peck's book is written from close observation, and is well worth reading.

Some Books on Russia

ANY current discussion of such matters as civilizations and cultures is bound to lead sooner or later to the Russia of the Soviets, and the presses continue to grind out books on this subject. One of the newest of the journalistic volumes is *Seeing Red* by Eve Garrette Grady, the subtitle of which is *Behind the Scenes in Russia Today* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2), which is distinctly anti-

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Soviet. Mrs. Grady had her chances at observation as the wife of an American engineer in the employ of the Soviets; she was invited to leave the country because, it is reported, a joke about Stalin appeared in an article of hers. Mrs. Grady was intensely annoyed by the Russians, and is unwilling to grant them very much of anything. She makes a great to-do because a friend of hers was arrested in a public bath for using soap; the Landscaper read a day or two ago of a seventeen-year-old girl who was arrested at Coney Island because the shoulder strap of her bathing suit slipped down, and not only arrested, but imprisoned. It seems to this observer that Mrs. Grady was temperamentally unfitted to make a real study of life in Soviet Russia, and that her book is prejudiced and superficial, but it should be a great comfort to those who are sure the Russian experiment is doomed to complete failure.

After these comforting assurances, those who can stand a bit of a fright might turn to *The Soviets Conquer Wheat* by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, $2), which is a first-hand account of the first great wheat harvest under the collective system of farming. Miss Strong, a well-known American journalist, is quite frankly in favor of the Soviets, but her book is carefully written, and whatever statements she makes are susceptible of proof. News reports are that this year's harvest will be far greater than the first, about which Miss Strong writes so graphically and dramatically, and the bearing of this stupendous experiment upon the daily life of a whole section of the American public — the wheat-growers — gives everything she says a direct emotional appeal. The sheer size of the collective movement and its vast sweep, together with its potentialities for the future — there is, for example, the Soviets' plan for cotton growing in Turkestan on an enormous scale — make the book exciting reading.

The Breshkovskaia Diaries

THOSE who are interested in the historical side of the Russian situation will find two highly interesting books available just now, one of them *The Hidden Springs of the Russian Revolution: The Personal Memoirs of Katherine Breshkovskaia*, edited by Lincoln Hutchinson (Stanford University Press), and the other, *The Real Romanovs* by Gleb Botkin (Revell). The Breshkovskaia memoirs, which make fascinating reading, have been brought out under the auspices of the Committee on Russian Research of the Hoover War Library of Stanford. Mr. Botkin's book has for one of its most important features a long discussion of the Anastasia problem. There is not the slightest doubt in his own mind — he knew Anastasia and the rest of the royal family in Russia — that the young woman whose presence in New York a few years ago aroused so much controversy, is the daughter of the Czar, and he explains most interestingly why the remaining Romanovs and other Russian aristocrats turned their backs on this pathetic refugee. This is an intimate personal narrative that will hold the attention of any one who picks it up; it appears to have no small historical value, and is certainly highly readable. Mr. Botkin is a novelist of attainments; his family in Russia was associated

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with the ruling house for generations. He brings out many points in connection with the history of the Romanovs that will be new to most readers; the book is worth reading for the extraordinary chapters on Anastasia alone.

Miss Cather's New Novel

Two novels seem to be dividing the attention of the serious-minded followers of fiction at present, and one of these, *Hatter's Castle* by A. J. Cronin, has already been commented upon at some length in these columns, as it was well on its way to a world-success when the Landscaper left England some time ago. It is now being translated into most of the languages of importance and is certain to sell into the hundreds of thousands. It is a striking example of the uncertainty of the publishing business; the author is a Scotch doctor, and it is a first book, a long, rather melodramatic and tragic sort of novel that would hardly be expected to arouse a great deal of interest during a time of depression. It had an extraordinary press in England, but this does not always mean large sales. Very apparently, the book has the mysterious something that makes people want to read it, and talk about it. The other novel mentioned is, of course, Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* (Knopf, $2.50), a story of Quebec in the early days of its settlement. It goes without saying that any novel by Miss Cather is a major event in any publishing season; there is no doubt that a great many people will find pleasure and satisfaction in the lovely prose of *Shadows on the Rock*, and in its beautiful descriptions. It is historical tapestry wrought with all possible artistry, Puvis de Chavannes frescoes in words. This much for the credit side. It is a paler and less dramatic novel than *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Is there significance in the fact that Miss Cather has done these two historical studies in succession? Is she abandoning the contemporary scene altogether for this sort of tapestry-weaving? If so, for all the beauty of the books, some of us will feel a definite loss. However, even if she plans to retire to an ivory tower, what issues from it will be stirring to the soul, and the Landscaper is not one to quarrel with the production of things that hold their own beauty, however much he may wish that all the good novelists might come to the aid of their country . . .

A Variety of Fiction

There are a number of other novels to select from, and the variety is wide, as usual. Those who have followed the career of Willie Maddison, the poet-hero of Henry Williamson's tetralogy, *The Flax of Dream*, will be interested in the revised version of the third part of the long story, *The Dream of Fair Women* (Dutton, $2.50). Mr. Williamson has completely rewritten this story of the period immediately after the World War, and has improved it in its organization and style. Maddison's love affair with a married woman, who is as faithless to him as she is to her husband, makes what plot there is to the tale. It has the usual descriptions of nature and discussions of animal life that mark this author's writings; the Landscaper's objection to it is its sentimentality. Maddison is not a

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satisfactory protagonist for a drama as sweeping as this, for the very simple reason that he is defeated from within, and is not the victim of circumstances beyond his control. Any student of psychology might have known from the novel of his boyhood, *The Beautiful Years*, that his chances of standing up the world were small, and however hard Mr. Williamson tries to convince the reader that Maddison is a sort of Christ-Shelley, destined to lead the world into brighter times, he can not escape the charge that his hero is guilty of the awful sin of self-pity. Maddison and Eve, his mistress, are given to dissolving into tears a little too often for most of us, also.

And More Novels

A good, solid, thoughtful novel from the other side of the Atlantic is *The Pastor of Poggsee*, by Gustav Frenssen (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the story of a German parson in Holstein between the fateful years 1914–1920. In short, a war-book, if you like, but of a very unusual sort, and well and interestingly written. *Silver Trumpets* by Lucille Borden (Macmillan, $2.50), is a romance veiling a violent attack upon the Soviets, and especially upon their anti-religious activities. As a novel it is fair; as propaganda it is weakened by the emotional state of the author, and also by the reader's knowledge of the futility of her attack. *Seven Days* by Andreas Latzlo (Viking, $2.50), is a novel of life in Berlin, in which the lives of several families of varying social importance become entangled, a swift-moving and readable tale of scandal and tragedy. An important fictional study of Jewish life in America is David Pinski's *The Generations of Noah Edon* (Macaulay, $2.50). Mr. Pinski is a distinguished writer in Yiddish. In his novel he has attempted to show the life of three generations, acting upon and being acted upon by America. The first generation suffers a breaking down of old ideals, the second is caught in the lust for material gain, but the third regains a spirituality that has something in it of the ancient Jewish tradition, and more, perhaps, of modern social justice. It is an interesting and successful attempt to set down a family history against an environment at first alien, and steadily becoming more homelike, until family and environment are one.

God in the Straw Pen by John Fort (Dodd, Mead, $2), a young Southern novelist whose development the Landscaper has followed with keen interest, is a story of a religious revival in a Georgia community, which while set down in another period, might have happened last week. No doubt Mr. Fort has had some first hand experience in revivals, as most of us have who come from his part of the country; he knows the subject. The novel is well done, good reading, and indicates that its author is developing rapidly. His first published work of fiction was the usual autobiographical story, and had little else except the quality of the writing to distinguish it, but he seems to be on his way now. A light-hearted, but shrewd story of American youth, is Emily Hahn's *Beginner's Luck* (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2), the first novel by the author of *Seductio Ad Absurdum*. A solid piece of English fiction, with homely quali-

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ties, is *The Bending Sickle* by Cecily Farman (Morrow, $2.50), with its background shifting from the Victorian to the Edwardian and down to the Georgian period. It centres around the character of a woman, who realizes her destiny through her father, her lover and her younger brother.

Two Good Novels

And not to be overlooked in the rush is Edward Thompson's *A Farewell to India* (Dutton, $2.50), which is a brilliant novel of somewhat the same significance as E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*, in that it is an interpretation of the Hindus and the English in their relation to each other. It is a novel of contemporary India, with some of its most striking passages concerning Gandhi; any intelligent person interested in India will find it worth reading. It is also by accident that another of the better current novels wandered down to the end of the fiction section. The book referred to is *New England Holiday* by Charles Allen Smart (Norton, $2), which is a first novel of very decided power, the story of a week-end where seven young people are present, each facing an emotional crisis. These are very real young people, not the kind one meets in the magazines, and Mr. Smart has handled his problems of character with real skill. His book has the advantage of many advance blurbs from distinguished people, which is not so unusual. But it deserves the ballyhoo, and this is somewhat out of the ordinary. He has hit upon a technique which is unusual, and he handles it with a marked degree of success.

A Zweig Novelette

Two novelettes and a book of short stories remain to be commented upon. One of the novelettes, Stefan Zweig's *Amok* (Viking, $1.50), has made its appearance recently upon best-seller lists, which is an unusual state of affairs. It is the story of a physician in the East, who, worn out with lack of society of his own kind, meets a white woman, and runs amuck, bringing ruin to himself and the woman, a violent bit of tragedy superbly handled by the author, who seems to have unusual skill with this difficult form of fiction. The other novelette is by Thomas Burke, and is called *The Flower of Life* (Little, Brown, $2). It tells the story of Jane Cameron, who is introduced to us entering the workhouse, and a touching bit of narrative it is. The collection of short stories is Ben Hecht's, and is called *The Champion from Far Away* (Covici-Friede, $2.50). It is evident that Mr. Hecht finds time from his controversy with Maxwell Bodenheim to turn out some excellent short fiction. The latest chapter in the Hecht-Bodenheim feud, in case you have overlooked it, is called *Duke Herring* (Liveright, $2.50). It is a reply to Mr. Hecht's *Count Bruga*. Neither book is of any greater importance than the controversy itself, it might be added. But Mr. Hecht can write short stories.

Stories of Real Life

There are a few books about that are true narratives more or less in the form of novels. One of these, *God Have Mercy on Me!* is by the author of *No Bed of Roses*, and continues that

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tragic and sordid story of the life of a prostitute; another is Pauline Leader's *And No Birds Sing* (Vanguard), the story of a girl who lost her hearing at an early age, and who suffered many other handicaps, but who would not let any of them defeat her, a really stirring personal narrative; and still another, is *Caviar for Breakfast* by James N. Gifford (Sears, $2), which is an account of the reputed goings-on in high society in New York and Palm Beach. Mr. Gifford is said to have gathered his material as a tutor in the homes of the very rich. The trouble is, of course, that reading about their lives is as dull as the lives themselves, and no more need be said.

For those who wish to escape their troubles by burying themselves in books about other times and other places, there are several promising volumes at hand, among them *A Yankee in Patagonia* by Robert and Katherine Barrett, with a foreword by Rockwell Kent (Houghton Mifflin, $4), the tale of one Chace, from Taunton, Massachusetts, who became a sailor, sheep-herder, and many other things, and who finally settled in the distant country named in the title. This is a book rich in adventure and local color. Then there is *The Great Plains*, to come nearer home, by Walter Prescott Webb (Ginn, $4), a full, rich story of the settlement of the West, and a notable addition to recent literature of the American frontier. And *The Road to Oblivion* by Vladimir Zanzinov, with the collaboration of Isaac Don Levine (McBride), a wild and thrilling book about Far Siberia, filled with fresh information, and containing many tales as strange as Ossendowski's, but apparently more accurate. The mercury frequently falls to 95 degrees below zero in this curious land, and a pleasant place it is to think about in the middle of a New York summer. Then there is Alvin S. Harlow's excellent *Old Bowery Days: The Chronicles of a Famous Street* (Appleton, $5), a rich and racy chapter from the history of New York, fully illustrated from contemporary prints, and excellent reading, and for the more serious minded, *Caribbean Backgrounds and Prospects* by Chester Lloyd Jones (Macmillan), a complete account of the situation in the northern part of Latin America, with especial respect, of course, to relations with the United States.

Our Monkey Ancestors

THE Landscaper's own book-of-the-month from the miscellaneous division is Dr. Ernest A. Hooton's *Up From the Ape* (Macmillan, $5), an admirable account of man's relationship to the lower animals, packed with information very unpedantically imparted. The anti-evolutionists will not enjoy it, and if it has not yet been censored in some of our Southern States, it will be. But it is as interesting a book on this general topic as any one might wish, and very good indeed for straight reading. Its agreeable lack of dogmatic statement is one of its principal charms. Another of the miscellaneous volumes that is worthy of attention is Lewis Browne's *Since Calvary* (Macmillan, $3), an interpretation of Christianity from the Crucifixion down to the present—at least as far as the anti-Soviet campaign against religion. This book sets forth the liberal point of view, as those who

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know Mr. Browne's other volumes, such as *This Believing World*, will know, but its bias is not too strong, and its author has a great deal of skill in covering a large amount of territory.

A New Life of Osler

THE biography shelf is not exactly creaking and groaning this month, but there is a new and delightful life of a great man available that ought to go far to make up for the lack of quantity. This is *The Great Physician: Sir William Osler* by Edith Gittings Reid (Oxford University Press, $3.50), a brief and very readable account of the career of this splendid human being. The author knew Dr. Osler and his family well, and she has done a rounded portrait of the man within the limits of her short book, which is not meant to conflict in any way with the big Harvey Cushing biography, but which may lead many to read the larger work. There is a volume of Osler essays just now published, for those who wish to discover another phase of a many-sided mind; the title is *The Student Life and Other Essays* (Houghton Mifflin, $2). Supremely important, of course, to all students of international affairs is the first volume of von Bülow's memoirs, *Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, 1897–1903* (Little, Brown, $5), a brilliantly written volume packed with historical matter and filled with sketches of interesting human beings as well. It is perfectly frank, and its style alone would make it stand out among memoirs, even if its substance were not so important. Much new Whitman material appears in Clara Barrus's *Whitman and Burroughs: Comrades* (Houghton Mifflin, $5), including a great many unpublished letters of the poet, and the book also furnishes a vivid picture of the entire American literary scene between 1850 and 1900.

A Book about England

SPACE grows short, but the Landscape can not quite be closed without some mention of a fine book on England called *England, the Unknown Isle*, by Paul Cohen-Portheim (Dutton, $2.50). The author is a young Austrian who was interned during the War on the Isle of Man. Speaking as one who thinks he knows a little about the English, the Landscaper found this book extremely good, intelligent and understanding, and penetrating. Then, for those who can envisage the day when airplanes will be as thick as Fords, Juan de la Cierva, the young Spanish inventor of the autogiro, has told its story in *Wings of Tomorrow*, with the help of Don Rose (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2.50) and a thrilling story it is.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Mediterranean cruises for the coming season are in the forefront with their usual popularity. Luxury, the ease of graceful living, the pleasant interchange of social amenities, the perfect service rendered by liners covering these cruises, and the richly colorful and ever varying backgrounds of the countries circling this enchanting sapphire sea are perpetual magnets. Year after year the charm of it all grows more potent. This winter, though welcomes are always cordial, you will probably receive an even more genuine greeting, for times have not been too flourishing for those who depend on the tourist trade. Things are about fifteen per cent cheaper in Spain and France than they have been, and even Italy is toeing the mark by doing away with many of those incomprehensible "special" taxes that have annoyed and dismayed travelers there for the past few years, and it is now possible to travel in that country about as reasonably as in France.

Morocco of the Moors

Sailing through the Mediterranean is one thing, and sailing around it is quite another. Touching first at Morocco, before you quite reach this sea of romantic memories, all the mystery of the ancient Moors seems to whisper to you through vistas of shadowed arcades, in the gleam of gay tiles, breeze-tossed fountains and latticed minarets piercing the heavens' own blue. Through Casablanca's streets moves a motley crowd of Mohammedans wrapped in their flowing *djellabos* (outer garments) of violet, coral, garnet and yellow; they tread softly in sleek slippers, rubbing shoulders with an occasional French officer in azure blue, or being elbowed by a swaying group of French jackies making the most of their shore leave. Over fine roads, which in the past fifteen years the French have built all through Morocco, you may motor over to Rabat Salé, the residence of the Moroccan Sultan, or go on farther across the desert to Marrakesh and prowl around the Djemaa el Fna, an immense open tract in the centre of the town where mountebanks, dancers, story tellers and snake charmers vie with the merchants for your attention with their little shops, scarcely more than booths, where all manner of colorful native fabrics and wares are for sale. Shaggy camels kneel contentedly in close proximity to huffy little Fords, the quiet of the desert which seems part of their stately comings and goings in no way ruffled. If you linger, you may see an Arab *caid* or chief ride into the golden dust in stately fashion on some hunting expedition, his falconer riding close to his horse's heels with half a dozen hooded falcons perched on his shoulders.

Algiers and the French Riviera

Back again on shipboard, the fun of recounting adventures and exchanging experiences with fellow travelers is part of the joy of it all. Everybody has seen and done something different. You just have time for a few letters home, another quiet night at sea, when Algiers in all its dazzling whiteness gleams on the low African shore. From secret coves along the Algerian coast, the Deys once unleashed the pirates on the on-coming Christians and exacted heavy ransoms, but today in the bazaars we select our own precious plunder and stagger back to the ship laden almost as heavily as pirates with our trophies. From Algiers, where we have found the inimitable French touch, we push off for Ville Franche, where, with real French soil beneath our feet, we drink in the glories of the Riviera in springtime. Nice with its dazzling jewel shops, its gracious promenade, its quaint restaurants and smiling sunshine lies on one hand, and

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on the other, a drive through vistas of beauty sets you down at the broad door of the world's most sought-out casino at Monte Carlo, and you present your identification card, obtained before you left the ship, otherwise you might be condemned to wander through the deserted gardens and never bend above the smooth green baize tables and hear the black mustached croupier hiss in the smothering silence, "*Messieurs, mesdames — faites vos jeux!*"

From Naples with her lazy blue bay and energetic volcano, you will go to Pompeii, follow again the faltering steps of Lydia, the sweet-faced blind girl of Bulwer Lytton's novel, through the once-ash strewn streets of the famous Roman city, and marvel at the work of the tireless excavators.

Into the Strongholds of Hannibal

AFRICA again. This time to Tunis, where the native city in its strange picturesqueness is set apart from the European section just as it is in Algiers. How flat the houses seem. . . . How narrow and shadowed the streets. The scent of burning charcoal drifts lazily through the still air. Hundreds of camels shamble along to the market. Their bells tinkle lightly, but they grunt. In the *souks*, or markets, we tread on the very toes of the Orient. Each *souk* is devoted to a single trade. Which will you visit first, the market for perfumes, for carpets, or jewels? It won't matter. You will linger long in each one, and buy and buy and buy, until some one whispers in your ear that this is really just about the beginning of things, and you must save something to spend in Cairo that has a few bazaars of its own, not to mention a good many delightful side trips along the Nile which will include our old friends the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Old Frontiers Against Islam

IT MIGHT seem hard to jump mentally from one land to another on a cruise like this did they not all dovetail so perfectly in their histories. You simply must include them all, or lose the thread of the story. After Egypt, it seems inevitable that you find out something more about the Holyland, when immediately you begin to question about the Turks and Istanbul, so long known to us as Constantinople. Then the shuttle weaves back to Malta, England's Mediterranean naval base, where at Valetta we see the lovely mediæval city built by the Knights of St. John with its ramparts, fortifications, and bastioned terraces that once withstood the on-rushing tides of the Moslem armies in their attempted attack on Christian Europe. We descend into early Christian catacombs, neolithic caves, and wander among the ruins of Phoenician temples and Roman villas. The tides of battle swing over to Spain and we trace its path clearly across the gentle island of Mallorca, where loveliness is gently removing the scars of battle, and, as a character seasoned by adversity glows with particular tenderness, so shines this loveable island near the Spanish coast, a magnet to all who know the Mediterranean.

New Zealand's First Official Welcomer — Pelorus Jack

NEW ZEALAND first captured my imagination and interest through the story of a great white whale — Pelorus Jack. When I heard the tale of this silvery monarch of the deep, he had for thirty years been acting the rôle of self-appointed host to all who approached Wellington by way of the sea. He claimed as his domain several miles in the stretch of water between French Pass and Pelorus Sound, full in the path of all passing steamers plying between Wellington and Nelson, and swimming out to meet them, both by day and by night, escorted them proudly through the blue waters, leaping, diving, swiftly swimming with an easy grace, until his welcome had become a tradition with every sea captain who made these ports. If the ships slowed down or stopped, Pelorus Jack was off like a flash, diving fathoms deep and disappearing. At night he left a glittering trail of green and gold in the phosphorescent sea. The strange thing about this whale was that he was always alone. Many thought that his color, which was a bluish white, caused him to be ostracized by his own kind whose skins are generally dark. Others accused him of being a pub-

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licity hound who liked having his picture snapped from the sides of the ships by eager passengers for whom a glimpse of Pelorus Jack was a part of their anticipated itinerary. Those of a practical turn of mind surmised that he might be hungry, and that cuttlefish and tidbits from the ships were responsible for his unfailing welcome. But even food could not lure him from his own waters. After a while, though he had been shot at many times and seemed to bear a charmed life, the Government came to his aid and he was protected by an Act of Parliament. This proved him to have been something more than a fish story, as did his picture which was sent me later. Even in the legends of the Maori there was a Pelorus Jack, though to them he was known as *Kaikai-a-Ware*, who swam the same waters, meeting the high-prowed war canoes of the Maori warriors, and as joyfully piloting them home.

Surely one need never hesitate to visit a country that has for so long had an official welcomer. We may feel that our welcoming committees, which have become so essential in these days of air flights, are modern, but Pelorus Jack shows us that even these have long been the custom in New Zealand.

Forests Free from Fearful Things

SPREAD out on the map, New Zealand cuts very much the same figure as its motherland, though she is about a seventh larger than Great Britain and tremendously more sunny. She boasts most of the same race, too, with but four per cent of the native Maori. Her climate is much like that enjoyed by the countries skirting the Mediterranean Riviera, but with Oriental perversity New Zealand has her spring in September, October and November and her winter in June, July and August. Another thing about this country that is most pleasantly appealing to visitors is that you may go into her deep, luxuriant forests where the growth is almost tropical, and never see snakes, dangerous beasts, nor ever fear a fever-laden miasma, for there are none. After having just listened to the tales of a traveler who ventured into the jungles of Malaya where cobras crept about unsuspected in the grass, or curled themselves up for comfort beneath your pillows or sought the privacy of your bureau drawer, the forests of New Zealand became someway doubly precious and commendable. Why there are even certain species of ground-feeding birds there that have lost the power to fly because there were none of the usual enemies to creep up on them and tempt them to fly for their lives. New Zealand forests are particularly appealing because of the evergreen ferns which lend their softness to the vistas, some of them growing like great trees to a height of fifty feet or more. Forests are jealously cared for by the state because of the kauri pines, mammoth trees which are considered the world's largest timber yielders. How valuable they are may be deduced from the fact that in 1814 a military detachment was sent from England to procure kauri spars for the Royal Navy.

When New Zealand Was "Long White Cloud"

IN ONE way New Zealand is practically unique. She is one of the few countries

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

Canadian-Australasian
ROYAL MAIL LINE
VIA HONOLULU AND SUVA
Sail from Vancouver, B. C.

"AORANGI".....Oct. 14, Dec. 9, Feb. 3
"NIAGARA".....Nov. 11, Jan. 6, Mar. 2

For fares, etc., apply to the Canadian Australasian Line, Madison Avenue at 44th Street, New York, or 999 West Hastings Street, Vancouver, B. C.

UNION ROYAL MAIL LINE
VIA TAHITI AND RAROTONGA
Sail from San Francisco

"MAKURA".....Oct. 28, Dec. 23, Feb. 17
"MONOWAI"....Nov. 25, Jan. 20, Mar. 16
Australia — $357, First Class
Round Pacific Tour — $616, First Class

For fares, etc., apply to Norton Lilly & Co., 26 Beaver St., New York, or to Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand, 230 California St., San Francisco, or local Railway or Steamship Agents.

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in the world that has encouraged her native population, the Maoris, instead of wiping them out. Though the Maoris were not the original inhabitants of the islands, they had been in New Zealand for many centuries before the British landed on her shores, and had given her the graceful Maori name *Aotea-rea*, or Long White Cloud. With the arrival of white settlers, however, dark clouds gathered and there was bitter fighting between them until a treaty — the Treaty of Waitangi — was finally made with the native chiefs whereby the sovereignty of New Zealand was voluntarily ceded to Britain, but the whole of the land was left in the possession of the chiefs and their tribes, or such of the white settlers as had bought land from them. From this basis a better understanding and broader appreciation of each other was inevitable, and now, instead of the Maoris joining the vanishing races of the earth, the population of this interesting people is on the increase and a distinct renaissance is taking place in the revival of their ancient arts and crafts. For the Maoris are Polynesians, of the same race as the Hawaiians and Tahitians, that group of picturesque people who have so curiously combined the qualities of warrior and poet, sea rover and artist — who are hospitable, ceremony-loving, punctilious and withal so gently happy.

With the Maoris in Rotorua

On your visit to New Zealand you will want particularly to see something of the life of the Maori, and this desire will take you sooner or later to Rotorua in North Island where in remote districts they still retain many of their ancient customs. Though most of the Maoris now wear the clothes of the *Pakeha* (the white man), the women have not forgotten the art of weaving which has been their occupation for generations. Looms are of the most primitive character, but the robes which they fashion are wonderfully woven. They weave their fabrics from the long leaves of the flax plant, and even the preparation of the flax is no easy bit of work, for the long stiff green blades must be scraped and bleached before the process can be started. Dyes are made from the bark and leaves of certain trees, and though their colors are rich, they lack the garishness often associated with primitive peoples. There was a time when the gentle art of tattooing must have kept most of the population extremely busy, either doing the work or being the patient, for the Maoris are most plentifully covered with these fearsome designs, but the fashion is changing and now only a few women in the outlying districts indulge in this beautifying process. Maoris love to dance and sing and the special pride of the younger women is the *Poi* Dance which is often performed to the rhythmic melody of a melting love song. When it comes to the men, however, sterner stuff is evident and it is not difficult to discern that their dances have been evolved with an eye to sport and to the development of more martial instincts; they usually dance the *Haka* with loud chants, much stamping of the feet, and a genial slapping of the sides as a ceremonial dance of welcome when we of the outside world find our way to their villages. And you may be sure that your welcome will be a rousing one.

Waitome Caves and Glow-worms

All through New Zealand, from one end to the other, are to be found scenes of beauty and interest. Auckland has a museum which houses a large collection of grotesque carvings, war canoes, implements, weapons and what-not that have to do with the Maori. Not far from Auckland by motor you come upon a group of limestone caves at Waitome among which is that one quite unforgettable lighted by countless hosts of glow-worms whose eerie light is reflected from thousands of glittering spears and sparkling fingers that we so unromantically know as stalagmites and stalactites. (Do you remember which is which?) This cave is one of the most strangely beautiful sights in the islands.

Throughout this part of the country are great thermal springs. At Rotorua, the chief town in the section, laid out and managed by the Government Tourist Department, there is a most popular spa, a magnificent bath house where the waters may be taken, tennis, golf and endless op-

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portunity for fine hunting and fishing. Within walking distance are a number of Maori villages where life goes along as it did centuries ago, and you may watch a Maori meal being boiled in a quaint basket dropped into the deep hissing hotness of a sulphur spring. The geysers and sputtering steam vents all over this region are forever reminding you of Yellowstone, and just about the only thing you miss to complete the illusion are the hungry little cinnamon bears.

Wellington, because of its central situation, was made the capital of the country in 1865 and has grown to be the natural business center. But railroads and fine motor roads lace back and forth in the islands, making all points of interest readily available to the traveler. Officers of the Government Tourist Department, who have a thorough knowledge of local conditions and take a keen pride in their land, will help you plan itineraries, make reservations for hotels, trains, steamers and motors, and stand ready to be generally helpful in assisting you to see and do everything you desire while in their country, and all this is quite without charge of any kind.

Where New Zealand Comes First

NEW ZEALAND, as a country, has done much to promote the well-being of her people. She was the first country to establish universal penny postage; the first to institute non-contributory old-age pensions; the first British country to give women the parliamentary franchise; the first country to establish State coal mines, and State fire, life and accident insurance; the first to institute a scheme for the State to advance cheap money to settlers; and the first country to institute compulsory conciliation and arbitration to prevent strikes and lock-outs. In fact, New Zealand is a very pleasant country in which to live because there are no slums and little real poverty.

Bermuda — Where The King's Flag Flies

AMERICANS have been trying to exhaust the delights of Bermuda for a good many years now, but they are getting no-

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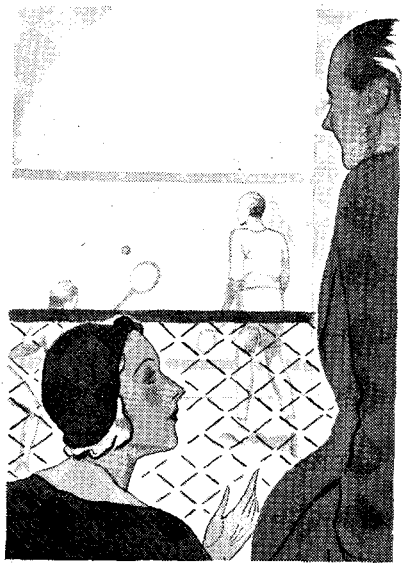

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where with it. Time and time again they make their reservations and off they go to this alluring isle. Each time they return they are a little more enthusiastic than before, torn between the joy of sharing it with others and the desire for keeping it all to themselves. It is not too far away, yet it is wholly different from these United States of ours. It wears the happy mien of the true British colonial possession. Formality and informality are balanced to a nicety. Its climate is what its devotees are forever bragging about. No matter if it does rain occasionally, the rain is different. You feel about rain down there the way the Scotsman does about his mist. Then, is it sailing or swimming that comes next in the long list of its attractions for you? It hardly matters. Diving through the surf that breaks along Bermuda's velvety beaches is like diving through the clouds into the interminable blue of the sky. You don't mind how deep you go. And when you feel the tiller of a sailboat firm in your hand, and the breeze picks up the sail, whether it be in the sun of a fresh day or the silvery path of the moonlight, you don't mind how far you go.

Bermuda, being an island, is always expectant. There is forever the possibility of sighting a sail somewhere on the horizon. Ever since Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday enjoyed their little sojourn on an island, islands have worn an engaging air. They are intimate and cozy. You can get around them pleasantly. In Bermuda you waken long forgotten talents and ride a bicycle, or else you take the bull by the horns and learn. Peddle gaily and with not a care in the world over miles and miles of fine coral roads, with never the ghost of an automobile horn to wreck your contentment. Even the horses seem to step lightly.

Peaceful little white cottages nestle down in the security of real English gardens. The beloved Irish poet, Thomas Moore, peopled them with fairies, for we find that when he caught sight of these same white houses, he said, ". . . my shortsightedness always transforms them into temples, and I expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them." It may not be shortsightedness with us, but something about Bermuda sets it gently apart — an island of romance.

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(*Continued from page VI*)

bearish. As Standard Statistics points out, the Government's estimate of the cotton crop, placing the yield at over 15,500,000 bales, makes futile any hope of improvement in the statistical position of the fibre, since the present rate of consumption is only about 13 million bales per year. Even allowing for some expansion in use as the result of low prices and general business recovery, it is obvious that the 1931–32 crop year will end with a record carry-over. Under these circumstances, it is probable that cotton prices will seek even lower levels than are now prevailing.

Because of the hopeless outlook, the Government suggested that the farmers should destroy one third of their crops, but the Government must have had its fingers crossed when it made this suggestion because even it must know that such a plan could never be carried out. Cotton belongs with construction: these two great industries are not yet on the road to recovery.

Railroads

RAILROAD bonds, after being weak during most of August, showed a tendency toward improvement during the closing days of that month. This improvement occurred simultaneously with a renewal of rumors that the Interstate Commerce Commission would grant at least a part of the railroads' petition to increase freight rates. It is becoming increasingly apparent that a collapse of railroad credit is threatened unless something is done to increase their revenue. Unfortunately I have no inside information regarding the plans of the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is expected to meet around the middle of next month. Great pressure will be brought to bear upon it to do something for the languishing carriers. What they principally need, of course, is something to carry.

Oil

THE recent action of the Governor of Oklahoma in curtailing the production of oil in his State has attracted a great deal of attention from financial observers. The price of crude oil has stiffened, and with it the prices of oil securities. An almost complete shut-down of the wells in East Texas and also certain areas of Oklahoma has occurred, Standard Statistics points out, a situation which is rapidly creating a shortage of daily production. It is also expected that drastically curtailed output in East Texas will be ordered by the State Commission, when the fields resume production several weeks hence. The extension of these more favorable trends probably will result in a materially higher level of oil prices than those recently in effect.

Foreign Situation

WE CAN now look upon Mr. Hoover's moratorium move with enough perspective to form some opinion of its value. There is no doubt that in a negative sense it was a highly important move. Without it, Germany would have collapsed completely, and the rest of Europe suffered severely. European conditions are still serious, however, and if another crisis should occur it is unlikely that we could again produce a plan that would save the day. The situation in England is almost equally serious. The new coalition Government will have to solve that most disagreeable of problems — an unbalanced budget — before confidence in the pound is fully restored. In the face of this European situation it was generally expected that the foreign trade figures for July, published by the Department of Commerce, would show a sharp falling off of imports and exports. But, as the *Annalist* points out, nothing of the sort occurred. On the contrary, the average daily value of our exports, adjusted for seasonal variations, was $7,011,000 as against $7,019,000 in June, $7,060,000 in May, and $7,185,000 in April. Thus, while our exports dropped to the lowest level of the entire post-war period, they did so by a very narrow margin and indeed have remained remarkably steady for the last three months. Imports also gained, allowing for seasonal variation, and were at the highest level since last December. These foreign trade statistics do not, of course, prove that the foreign financial crisis is having no effect on our foreign trade. It is unquestionably too early for the full effects to be felt. But inasmuch as the crisis itself was merely the culmination of conditions which had been developing for some time, the absence of a July decline in

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exports may for the time being be considered favorable.

Bonds

IN SPITE of the fact that abnormally low interest rates have prevailed throughout the year, bond prices are at approximately the same level as January. It is felt by many that few things would do as much to improve confidence and business as a strong bond market. Its failure to materialize can only be added to the bearish side of our ledger.

Stocks

A YEAR ago, it is now clear, a great many directors of large and important companies were "short against the box." It has been remarked that some of them would have closed down their factories entirely, if necessary, in order to get their stock back at lower levels. It is of great importance now to ascertain whether the majority of these men have covered their short positions. If so, they are once again long of their companies and are going to do everything in their power to make a good showing. If this has taken place the situation is materially different from that of last year; the short position in the market is weak and the trend is likely to be upward.

I think the best way for the outsider to judge the technical condition of the market is from a chart. A number of charts of market averages are published. These have shown that beginning with the peak of the 1929 bull market, the peak of every important rally has been lower than the peak of the previous one. A line may be drawn along these peaks and taken as the trend line of the bear market. If this trend line should be penetrated, a change in trend would be indicated and the conclusion might safely be drawn that the greater part of executives had bought back their stocks. This, in my opinion, would be one of the most bullish things that could happen, all other statistics notwithstanding.

Conclusion

IT IS my opinion that the autumn seasonal upturn in business will not mark the beginning of important recovery. Therefore I feel that there is no need for haste in accumulating securities for the long pull, although I should continue to hold those of sound companies and add to commitments in the utility field on important setbacks.

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page viii*)

OUR TIMES

Battling the Crime Wave. By *Harry Elmer Barnes*. Boston: Stratford Company. $2.00.

The new scientific treatment of criminals is presented here in terms for the general public. The author cites the deficiencies of the police and the brutality of the third degree among the obstacles to successful handling of crime, and attacks capital punishment as a deterrent of murder.

The Making of Adult Minds in a Metropolitan Area. By *Frank Lorimer*. New York: McMillan and Company. $2.00.

An analysis of community needs in adult education and the results of research into individual cases make this a study of value to educators and students of thought.

Golden Days of Soviet Russia. By *Adolf Carl Noé*. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. $2.00.

As a member of a Soviet commission on coal mining, Dr. Noé traveled widely in Russia. He presents without prejudice his findings on conditions there and lets the reader draw his own conclusions.

The Little Green Shutter. By *Brand Whitlock*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

The author believes that the Eighteenth Amendment has taken the place of the green shutter, as a shield to drinkers.

Looking Them Over. By *Jesse Homer Barnhardt*. Boston: Stratford Company. $2.00.

Current topics in various fields are treated with serious thought but with humor of expression.

FICTION

Man of Miracles. By *Maurice LeBlanc*. New York: Macaulay. $2.00.

An account of the daring exploits of an eccentric man — with thrilling innovations in the realm of mystery.

Two Men in Me. By *Daniel-Rops*. Chicago: Thomas S. Rockwell Company. $2.00.

In four short stories man's struggles against his environment is attributed to a second personality which desires more action and achievement than the dull order of life affords.

Snug Harbour. By *W. W. Jacobs*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A collection of fifty-eight short stories about characters who make very entertaining company.

VARIED OTHERS

The Golden Thread. By *Philo M. Buck, Jr.* New York: MacMillan Company. $4.00.

The story of the tradition of thought is traced from ancient Greece to the present day, with its perplexity of spirit.

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